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VOL. XVIII.—NO. 9.

ADRIFT IN THE PACIFIC;

flew off into space like huge gulls.

"Well, it doesn't matter," said Briant,

when several tons of water came with a

carrying away the binnacle, a pile or spare

waves would assuredly sweep away the companions and swamp, her.

CHAPTER 11.

The Strange Adventures of a Schoolboy Crew.

By JULES VERNE.

It was the 9th of March, 1860, and 11

years of age; these, with a young negro some 12 years old, were at the wheel, and with their united strength strove to check the lurches which threatened every instant to throw the vessel broadside on. It was a difficult task, for the wheel seemed as could do and hurl them against the bulwarks. Just before midnight such a wave came thundering against the stern that it was a wonder the rudder was not unshipped. The boys were thrown backwards by the shock, but they recovered themselves almost

"Does she still steer?" asked one of them. "Yes, Gordon," answered Briant, who had coolly resumed his place. "Hold on tight, Donagan," he continued, "and don't be afraid. There are others besides ourselves to look after. You are not hurt, Moko?"
"No, Massa Briant." answered the boy.

"No, Massa Briant," answered the com"But we must keep the yacht before the wind, or we shall be pooped."

"No," said Gordon, leaning out to leewind, or we shall be pooped."

"No," said Gordon, leaning out to leewind, or we shall be pooped."

"No, I don't see him, and I don't hear

"But we must keep the yacht before the wind, or we shall be pooped."

At this moment the door of the cempanion leading to the saloon was thrown open. Two little heads appeared above the level of the deck, and with them came up the genial face of a dox, who sainted with a loud "Wough! wough!"

"Briant! Briant!" shouted one of the youngsters. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing, Iverson, nothing," returned Briant. "Get down again with Brole, and look sharp!"

"We are awfully frightened down here," said the other boy, who was alltite younger. "All of you?" saked Donagan.

"Yes, all of us," said Dole.

"Well, get back again," said Briant. "Get under the clothes, shut your eyes, and nothing will hurt you. There is no danger!"

"Look out!" said Moko. "Here's another wave."

A violent blow shook the stern. Fortunately the wave did not come on board. For lif the water had swept down the companion the yacht would have been swammed. "Go back, will you?" shouted Gordon. "Go down; or I'll come after you!"

"Look here," said Briant, rather more gently, "go down, yeu youngsters."

The two heads disappeared, and at the same moment another boy appeared in the floor of the bowsprit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck in the very angle of the bow spirit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck in the very angle of the bow spirit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck in the very angle of the bow spirit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck in the very angle of the bow spirit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck in the very angle of the bow spirit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck in the very angle of the bow spirit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck in the very angle of the bow spirit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck in the very and the negro stuck in the very angle of the bow spirit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck in the very angle of the bow spirit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck in the very angle of the bow spirit was fitted. There he found the negro stuck i

Baxter shut the door from within. "Yes, all of us," Dole had said. But were there only little boys on board this schooner thus driven before the storm? Yes, only boys! And how many were there? Fifteen, counting Gordon, Briant, Donagan

and the negro. How came they to be here? But suddenly there came a cry from Moko of "Land! land!" Was there not a man on the yacht? Not a captain to look after it? Not a sailor to give a hand in its management? And he pointed town. helmsman to steer in such a storm? No!

And more than that, there was not a person on board who knew the schooner's position on the ocean. And what ocean? The largest of all, the Pacific, which stretches for 6000 miles from Australia and New

"What is to be done?" asked Donagan.

'All we can to save ourselves, heaven helping us," answered Briant, although even the most energetic man might have despaired under such circumstances, for the storm was mereasing in violence.

The schooner had lost her mainmast, gone about four feet above the partners, so that no trysail could be set under which she might have been more easily steered. had stretched, and every minute it threatened to crash on to the deck. The forestaysail had been split to ribbons, and kept up a constant cracking, as if a rifle was being fired. The only sail that remained wound was the foresail, and this seemed as though it would go every moment, for the boys had not been strong enough to manage the last reef. If it were to go, the schooner could not be kept tefore the wind, the waves would board her over the quarter,

and down she would go.
Suddenly, about 1 o'clock, a fearful crash

was heard above the roaring of the storm.
"There goes the foremast!" said Donagan.
"No," said Moko; "it is the foresail blown
out of the bolt ropes."
"We must clear it." said Briant. "You remain at the wheel, Gordon, with Donagan;

and Moko, come and help me."
Briant was not quite ignorant of things nautical. On his voyage out from Europe he had crossed the North Atlantic and

"And there is no boat on the beach."

Moko.

"how could there be, if there is no harbor?" asked Donagan.

"It is not necessary that there should be a harbor," said Gordon. "Fishing boats could lie up the river mouth, and it might be that the storm has obliged the people to take them up the river."

Gordon's observation was true enough, but, anyhow, there was no sign of a boat to be seen, and the whole coast seemed uninhabited.

found that the water had been taken in inhabited.

from the seas dashing over the bows, down

The tide was going out—very slowly, it is

gloom. Through the raging sea over which the waves broke with a livid light, a little ship was driving under almost bare poles.

She was a schooner of a hundred tons. Her name was the Sleuth, but you would have sought it in vain on her sternboard, for an accident of some sort had torn it away.

In the stern of the schooner were three boys, one about 14, the two others about 13 years of arm. "We have no sail left!" exclaimed Dona-

gan; "and it is impossible for us to set "We shall not get along so fast, that is all!"
The boy had not finished the sentence Gordon were hurled against the companion. to which they managed to cling. But the negro had disappeared in the wave, which had swept the deck from stern to bow,

ing to the davits in board. The deck was instantly flowed off, and the yacht was saved from sinking beneath the flood.
"Moke! Moke!" shouted Briant, as soon as he could speak.
"See if he's gone overboard," said Don-

over us as he has been doing lately, said Donagan.

"Hear, hear," said Cross and Webb.

"I am domineering over nobody." replied Briant; "but I will not let anybody act for himself at the expense of all the others."

"We think ust as much of the others as you do," said Donagan; "and when we are ashore—"

ashore—"
"Which we are not just yet," said Gordon.
"Com., Donagan. con't be o'stinate; leave
the coat alone till there is a better chance."
The efforts of the peacemaker were successful—as they had been more than once
before—and the boys left the boat for a scrap of sail.

The four boys looked out at the chaos of wild water; they felt that if the calm was long in coming their situation would be desperate. It was impossible that the schooner could float for another day, for the

time.

The tide had now gone down a couple of feet. Was there a channel through the breakers? Briant went forward to see. Mounting the starboard shrouds, he sat on the cross-trees. Through the reef there was a channel, which could be traced by the points of rock sticking up out of the water on each side. But there were too many eddies along it at present to think of venturing through it in the boat. Better wait a little until the outgoing tide had left it practicable.

practicable.

From the cross-trees Briant carefully reconnoitered the coast in front of him. There
were no signs of inhabitants in the bay,
which from point to point was about eight

And he pointed towards a part of the horizon now hidden by a mass of vapors.

"Are you sure" asked Donagan.

"Yes, yes—certain," said Meko. "If the mist opens again you look—there—a little to the right of the foremast! Look, look!"

The mist began to open and rise from the sea. A few moments more, and the ocean reappeared for several miles in front of the yacht.

"Yes, land! It is really land!" shouted Briant.

"And land that is very low," added Gordon, who had just caught sight of the inwhich from boint to point was about eight miles long.

After being aloft half an hour. Briant re-turned to report what he had seen. Dona-gan and his supporters listened without say-ing anything. Not so Gordon, who asked— "It was about 6 o'clock, was it not, when lon, who had just caught sight of the in-licated coast.

And now the wind blew with still greater

"Yes," said Briant.

And now the wind blew with still greater strength; the schooner, carried along like a feather, was burled toward the coast, which stood out like a line of ink on the whitish waste of sky. In the background a cliff rising front 150 to 200 feet; in the foreground was a yellowish beach ending toward the right in a rounded mass which seemed to belong to a forest farther inland. Ah! If the schooner could reach the sandy beach without meeting with a line of reefs, if the mouth of a river would only offer a refuge, her passengers might perhaps escape safe and sound.

It occurred to Briant that it would be better for all his people to be on deck when the crass came, and onening the companion door he shouted down:

"Come on deck, every one of you!"

Immediately out jumped the dog, and then the 11 boys one after the other—the smallest at the sight of the mighty waves around them beginning to yell with terror. It was a little before 6 in the morning when the schooner reached the first line of breakers.

"Hold on, all of you!" shouted Briant. the yacht grounded?"
"Yes," said Briant.
"And how long is the tide running out?"
"Five hours, I think. Isn't it. Moko?" replied Briant.
"Yes, five or six hours," said Moko.
"That would make it 11," said Gordon,
"for the best time for us to try."
"That is what I thought," said Briant.
"Well, let us all be ready by then," said Gordon. "And now let us have something to eat. If we have to take to the water let it be some time after we have had a meal."
The suggestion was received with nuch applause, and acted upon immediately. With the biscuts and the jam the youngsters forcot their trou les, and as they had had nothing to eat for 24 hours, they are away steadily as if they never intended to stop.

After a time Briant went to the bow and After a time Briant went to the bow and took another long lock at the rocks.

How slowly the tide seemed to go out!

And yet the depth of water must be decreasing, for the yacht heeled over more and more. Moko got out the leadline and found he touched bottom at eight feet.

Would the schooner be left high and dry? Moko did not think so, and he took an opportunity of telling Briant so on the quiet, so as to alarm nobody. Briant went and consulted with Gordon. Evidently the northerly wind prevented the tide running out as far as usual in calm weather.

"What is to be done?" said Gordon.

"I don't know." said Briant. "What a nuisance it is that we are only boys when we ought to'be men!"

"It is, rather!" replied Gordon. "But necessity, you know, may bring us up to the mark. Never despair! we shall be all right if we are careful. We must do something."

"Yer: we must do something. If we don't

when the schooner reached the first line of breakers.

"Hold on, all of you!" shouted Briant. stripping off half his clothes, so as to be ready to help those whom the surf swept away, for the vessel would certainly strike. Suddenly there came a shock. The schooner had grounded. A second wave took her 50 feet farther, just skimming the rocks that rose above the water level in quite a thousand places. Then she heeled over to port and remained motionless, surrounded by the boiling surf.

snatused. On his voruse out from European Frankins and votations and the properties of the control of the beling surf.

CHAPTER IL Track versus.

Chapter II. The whole of the surface of the bear of the bear of the surface of the su

Interface was point; out—very slowly, us a wind was ralling and eligible necessary. It will design the search of the northwest, and everything out to be interested and verything out to be interested to the northwest and everything out to be interested to the northwest, and everything out to be one of the northwest and everything out to be one of the northwest and everything out to be one of the northwest and everything out to be collected when the sea wasted them as were of first importance, leaving the other to be collected when the sea wasted them as were of first importance, leaving the other to be collected when the sea wasted them as were made up into packages for the older losy to take with them. Out for his to be collected to so to take with them. Out for his to be collected to so to take with them. Out for his to be collected to so to take with them. Out for his to be offered to reach the shore, and aftering the total collected to the sea of the collected to so to take with the sould now have to be left.

Suddenly there was a shout in the bow, Baxter had made an important discovery, was foul of the bowsprit rigging and uninjured. It could only hold five or say, it is true, but it would be of great service if the tide did not more than a sea of the collected to sea of the waste of the collected to sea of the collected from the collect

When Moko awoke he found the yacht adrift!
His shouts brought up Gordon, Briant, Donagan and a few of the others from below, but nothing could they do. They called for help in vain. None of the harbor lights were visible. The yacht was right out in the guif, three miles from land.

At the suggestion of Briant and Moko the boys tried to get sail on the yacht so as to heat back into the harbor. But the sail was toe heavy for them to set properly, and the result was that the yacht, instead of keeping her head up, dropped dead away to leeward. Cape Colville was passed, and the strait between Great Barrier island and the mainland run through, and soon the schooner was off to the eastward, many miles from New Zealand.

It was a serious position. There could be no help from the land. If a vessel were to come in search, several hours must elapse before she could catch them, even supposing that she could find them in the darkness. And even when day came, how could he had deaven yee mall a craft on the high sear

ing that she could find them in the dark-ness. And even when day came, how could she descry so small a craft on the high sea? If the wind did not change all hope of re-turning to land must be given up. There remained only the chance of being spoken by some vessel on her way to a New /ea-land port. And to meet this Moko hastened to hoist a lantern at the foremast head. And then all that could be done was to wait

to hoist a lantern at the foremast head. And then all that could be done was to wait for daylight.

Many of the smaller boys were still asleep, and it was thought best not to wake them. Several attempts were made to bring the schooner up in the wind, but all were useless. Her head fell off immediately, and away she went drifting to the eastward. Suddenly a light was sighted two or three miles off. It was a white masthead light showing a steamer under way. Soon the side lights, red and green, rose above the water, and the fact of their being seen together showed that the steamer was steering straight for the yacht.

The boys shouted in vain. The wash of the waves, the roar of the steam blowing off, and the moan of the rising wind united to drown their voice. But if they could not hear the cries the lookouts might see the light at the schooner's foremast. It was a last chance, and unfortunately in one of the yacht's jerky bitches the halliard broke and the lantern fell into the sea, and there was nothing to show the presence of the schooner which the steamer was steering straight down upon at the rate of 12 knots an hour.

In a few seconds she had struck the vacht,

straight down upon at the rate of 12 knots an hour.

In a few seconds she had struck the vacht, and would have sunk her, had she not taken her on the stant close to the stern; as it was she carried away only a bit of the name-board.

The shock had been so feeble that the steamer kept on, leaving the schooner to the mercy of the approaching storm.

Drifting before the wind, the boys might well think they were lost. When day came the wide horizon was deserted. Not one was sighted, and although the wind mod-

friends kept away from the rest, and waited till it was time to begin work at saving themselves.

There was no sign that the land was inhabited. There was no house or hut, not even at the mouth of the river. The natives, if there were any, might perhaps prefer to live away from the shore, where they were exposed to such boisterous winds from the westward.

"I see no smoke," said Briant, lowering the binocular.

"And there is no boat on the beach." said Moko.

"How could there be, if there is no harbor?" asked Donaran.

"It is not necessary that there should be a harbor," said Gordon. "Fishing boats could be a harbor," said Gordon. "Fishing boats

to God for their deliverance from peril, and started on such work as was necessary.

The first thing was to make a list of the provisions, and then of the weapons, instruments, utensils, clothes, tools, etc. The food question was serious, for it seemed they were in a desert land. They would have to trust to fishing and shooting, if anything remained to be shot. Donagan, who was a capital shot, had seen nothing yet but the birds on the reef and beach. But to be reduced to teeding on sea birds was not a pleasant prospect, and it was desirable to know how long the schooner's provisions would last if managed with care.

It was found that, except the biscuits, of which there was a large store, the preserves, hams, meat biscuits—made of flour, minced pork and spice—corned beef, salt beef and sea stores generally, could not last longer than two mouths, so that from the very first they must have recourse to the productions of the country, and keep the provisions in case they liad to journey some hundreds of miles to reach a port on the coast or a town in the interior.

"Suppose some of those things have been damaged?" asked Baxter. "If the sea water got into the hold."

"That we shall see when we open the cases that look as though they had been knocked about," said Gordon. "If we were to cook them up again they might loo."

"I'll look after that." said Moko.

"I'll look after that." said Moko.
"The sconer the better," said Briant, "for the first day or two we shall have to live enirely on these things."
"And why shouldn't we start today," sked Wilcox. "and see if we cannot find ome more eggs among those rocks to the forthward?"

"Yes, that's it," said Dole.
"Yes, that's it," said Dole.
"And why shouldn't we go fishing?"
sked Webb. "Are there not any fishingmes on board? Who'll go fishing?"
"I will! I will!" said the youngsters.
"All right," said Briant: "but no playing
bout. We only give the lines to those who
lean business."

bott. "For the state of the sta nch," said Service.
"All that I'll do," said Gordon. "Off you in twos and threes; and, Moko, you go th them."

he negro could be trusted. He was willing, clever and plucky, and would probably be of great use. He was particularly attached to Briant, who did not conceal his liking for him.

"Come on!" said Jenkins.
"Are you not going with them, Jack?" asked Briant.

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DISHES FOR LENT.

As Prepared by Ladies at Washington.

How Mrs. Wanamaker Bakes Shad and Makes Salad.

sheets, blankets, billows and guilts, and with care these things would last a long time.

A long time! That might mean forever. In Gordon's notebook there was also a list of the instruments on board; two aneroid barometers, a spirit thermometer, two allows trumpets, three telescopes of short and long trumpets, three telescopes of short and long range, a binnacle compass and two smaller ones, a storm glass indicating the approach of tempestuous weather, several British ensigns and jacks and a set of signalling flags, and there was also a Halkett boat—a little india-rubber cance which folds up like a bag, and is large enough to take a person across a river or lake.

There were plenty of tools in the carpenter's chest, bags of nails, turrels, screws and iron nuts and bands of all sorts for repairing the yacht. Thread and needles were not wanting, for the mothers had prepared for frequent mendings. There was no risk of being deprived of fire, for without reckoning matches there were enough tinder-boxes and tinder to last for a long time. There were some large scale charts, but only for the coist of New Zealand, and consequently useless for the part where they had been wrecked; but luckily Gordon had brought with him a general atlas. And of course Garnett had taken good care that of course Garnett had taken good care that of course Garnett had taken good care that Washington, Feb. 21.—The best cooks of the United States are found in Washington. There is no place in the country where good dinners are more prized and more eaten. The wives of our most noted statesmen spend a part of every day in the kitchen. Most of them have invented new dishes, and all have learned their lessons in the great cooking school of experience. Even the mistress of the White House boasts that she can prepare a dinner from soup to dessert; and all of the cabinet ladies tell me that they can broil a steak or baste a roast. I see scores of senators wives in they had been wrecked; but luckily Gordon had brought with him a general atlas. And of course Garaett had taken good care that his famous accordion had come off safe and sound. There were pens and pencils, ink and paper, and an almanac for 1880, which was at once handed over to Baxter for him to cancel each day as it elapsed.

"It was on the 10th of March," said he, that we came ashore. Well, out goes the 10th of Ma ch, and all the days before it." In the strong box of the yacht there was £150 in gold, which might come in useful if the boys reached some port from which they could get home.

Gordon took careful stock of the casks stowed in the hold.

Abeut noon the voungsters, headed by Moko, returned. They had, after a time quantity, for Moko had noted the presence of innumerable rock pigeons of an edible kind nestling on the higher edges of the chiff.

An hour afterwards Moko announced that

markets. The ladies will gather around the fish counters, and even in the houses of those statesmen, who belong neither to the Episcopal nor the Catholic churches,

Mrs. Harrison's Fish Chowder. I start my list with a fish chowder from the White House. It is a dish for a king The President's wife has prepared the recipe for me, and her experience shows i

Cut a medium-sized shad 'or whitefish. of this locality, was found dead in Codish alley, about 10 feet from the door of the Red Jacket saloon. He had received about 30 buckshot, and had been dead for some hours when discovered.

"It was, of course, suspected that, he had been killed in a row in the saloon, and the sheriff was wabbling around with half a dozen warrants in his hand when we stepped in and threw a light of 250 candle power on the situation.

"At about midnight on the previous night some one kicked on our office door, and when we called out to know who was there

Cut a medium-sized shad for whitefish, there or four potatoes one onion and a quarter of a pound of bacon into small pieces. Fry the bacon and onion a light prown. Put a layer of potatoes in the saucepan, over that a layer of tomatoes, sprinkle with pepper and salt, alternating the layers until all is in. Add enough water to cover, place over a moderate fire and let simmer 25 minutes. Bit one pint of milk, thickening it with cracker crumbs, let it stand a moment, and then add to the chowder. Now stir for the first time, let boil an instant, season, if not strong, to taste, and serve hot.

There is a chef in the Wanamaker mansion whom they have had for years, but when any great affair is in progress the mistress of the house sends for a caterer to assist. She gives orders for three meals of a day in the morning and has not that awe of her cook which Vanderbilt had of his. She dares go into the kitchen, and, greater presumption still in this day of \$10,000 chefs, gives verbal instruction to each new cook of the cookery of certain dishes which when any great affair is in progress the misher cook which Vanderbilt had of his. She dares go into the kitchen, and, greater presumption still in this day of \$10,000 chefs, gives verbai instruction to each new cook of the cookery of certain dishes which might almost be called Wanamaker dishes, so long have they served them in the family. One of these is baked shad, and the art of preparing it Mrs. Wanamaker learned from her grandmother and has had it for breakfast in the springtime ever since she was mistress of a modest little cottage in Germantown and her husband was getting one thousand a year, instead of -who knows hew many thousands John Wanamaker gets now? The shad breakfast" at Lindenhurst is known to all of Mrs. Wanamaker's friends, and many a one drops in accidentally when the "sh, about which Gen. Sherman queried where it got meat to cover its boaes, is served.

Another favored dish is lobster, in terraping style, and, although it has been served for years on her table. Mrs. Wanamaker does not claim its origination. A Delmonico was its creator.

not claim its origination. A Delmonico was its creator.

Split two good-sized, fine, freshly boiled lobsters. Fick all the meat from out the shells, then cut it into one-inch length equal pieces. Place it in a saucepan on the hot range, with one ounce of very good fresh butter. Season with one pinch of salt and half a saitspoonful of red pepper, adding two medium-sized, sound trumes cut into small disc-shaped pieces. Cook for five minutes, then add a wineglassful of good Madeira wine. Reduce to one-half, which will take three minutes. Have three egg yolks in a bowl, with half a pint of sweet cream, beat well together, and add to it the lo-ster. Gently shuffle for two minutes longer, or until it thickens well. Four it into a hot tureen, and serve hot.

Mrs. Mc. & ee's Crab Salad.

Mrs. Mc Mee's Crab Salad. There is an old Spanish saw that it takes

our persons to make a good salad. "A spendthrift must pour the oil and a mise the vinegar, a barrrister must sprinkle the salt and a madman must stir the mixture." Mrs. Robert McKee, the daughter of the President, gives the ingredients of a good salad but the cook who will make it properly must be guided by the proverb: properly must be guided by the proverb;
"Boil one dozen crabs 30 minutes, adding a little salt to the water. When cold pick out the meat, Make a mayonnaise dressing as follows: Beat the yolks of two egg, add pepper, salt and mustard and mix well together. Then slowly add half a pint of olive oil, or enough to thicken the dressing. If too thick, add a few drops of lemon nice or vinegat. Great care should be elercised in pouring the oil as it will curdle if poured too fast. Now mix the crab meat and the mayonnaise together. Garnish a dish with crap lettuce leaves or water cresses, place the crabs in the centre and serve.

Mrs. Quary's Dovillet Crabs.

a bed of lettuce leaves, which should be carefully selected.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Mrs. Reagan's Catsup. Mrs. Reagan of Texas gives a recipe for a

catsup that is especially appetting with baked white fish: One peck of ripe toma-toes, peel and slice. Add six good-sized onions sliced fine. Lay in a jar first a layer of tomatoes, then a layer of onions. Add a little salt with each layer, let stand over

Mrs. Roswell P. Flower, wife of New York's millionnaire congressman.supervises and on it are many dishes that would

Inttle chopied parsely on top and send to table. To blanch an oyster is to cook it till it puffs up.

DERSING FOR FIRM.—Half pound of butter, half can tomatoes, stew for one half hour. One tablespoonful of walnut catsup, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce or two tablespoonfuls of chow-chow; and sliced lemon, very thin.

Mrs. Davis' Broiled Oysters. Mrs. Cushman K. Davis is another good cook, and though she comes from Minneof the Baltimore chefs. Here is her recipe

broiled oysters on toast."

Take the largest oysters obtainable. Brush the wire oyster broiler with softened butter, lay in the oysters, and broil over a hot fire two or three minutes, basting once on each side with butter bush. Dish side by side on a slice of buttered toast in a dish. Garnish with lemon and parsley. Justice Strong's Boned Chicken.

This dish is not a lenten dish, but it is so good that it will, I doubt not, cause many a cook to sin. It comes from Miss Strong, the daughter of the retired justice, and it is well worth the trying. The recipe reads: well worth the trying. The recipe reads:
 Cut up a chicken into quite small pieces, skin it and pour over three pints of cold water. Boil it until the bones slip out of the meat easily, then take out all the meat, throw back the bones to boil in the liquor longer. Chop the meat with the rind of one lemon, having squeezed the juice into the boiling liquor. Put the meat, well seasoned, into a jelly mould, and when the liquor is boiled down fully one-half, strain it over the meat in the mould. Next morning turn out and serve with salad.

Mrs. Gen. Etickett's Cabinet Punch.

ladies asking for punch recipes, and al under lenten dishes the pious can lay these when we called out to know who was there Hew Mrs. Wandmaker Bakes Shad. worldly will certainly appreciate them.

gallon and three-quarters of very nice punch. A Claret Punch. A claret punch made by one of the leading adies of Washington is more of a temperance drink. It is as follows:

Take the thin rind of three lemons, three ounds of sugar, add one tablespoonful of rown cinnamon, one-half tablespoonful of ground cloves and two grated nutmegs. our over this compound two quarts of boil ing water and let it stand one hour until thoroughly mixed. Before serving add one-half pint of rum and three bottles of claret and you will have a gallon of punch, Slice three oranges and put them in a punch bowl and the dish will be beautiful as well as appetizing.

Several Cake Recines.

Some time ago a church fair in Washington gathered a pumber of recipes from noted women, and one of the leading ladies of the capital made a cook book of them and sold it at the fair. The book is very interesting and I take three or four of its most noted recipes to accompany those which I have gathered for this letter. Here, which I have gathered for this letter. Here, for instance, is the way that Mrs. Tom Bayne makes apple dumplings:

Boil three large potatoes, mash and work in a lump of butter the size of an egg. one cup of milk, stir in with a spoon flour enough to work up with the hand, cut in pieces, and wrap around the apples. Tie in cloths, and boil hard for an hour.

Mrs. Snerman uses this recipe for delicate cake:

cate cake:
One pound of sugar (light weight), one pound of flour dight weight), a little more than half a bound of butter, whites of 18 eggs beaten to a stiff froth, beat butter and sugar to a cream and add the flour and eggs alternately until all are used. Flavor with peach or lemon. Bake in a moderately quick oven. No baking bowder.

Miss Grundy, Jr.

NELSON CAN BEAT THE WORLD. So Says Fishop, the New York Horse

BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1890.

each change of climate. And if the land was in the same latitude as Auckland, which was likely, as the vessel had run before a westerly wind all the time, the boys might expect a hot summer and very cold winter. Fortunately there were on board a whole heap of clothes ready for an excursion of many weeks. In the seamen's chests there were trousers, linen frocks, waterproof coats and thick jerseys that could be made to fit big or little and enable them to defy the rigors of the winter. If circumstances obliged them to abandon the schooner, each could take away with him a complete set of bedding, for the bunks were well supplied with mattresses, sheets, blankets, billows and quilts, and with care these things would last a long time.

How the Arizona Kicker Settled a Libel Out of Court. We extract the following from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker:
"Not a Murder,—The other morning Hank Poole, a veteran old bum and bluffer of this locality, was found dead in Codfish

a rock was hurled through one of the win-

dows. We slid out of bed, grabbed our shot-gun, and fired into the street through the same window, supposing 'the boys' wanted some fun with us.

"We heard some one run away, and have ao doubt that Hank Poole was the target of our buckshot. Hank has been down on us ever since we sliced off his left ear a year ago in front of the post office, and within two days he has been heard to declare that

he would have our life.
"The coroner's jury acquitted us of al. lame, but stuck us for the burial expensesplaining any. A man is liable to kill one of his fellow-creatures out here any hour in the day, and it is only fair that he should see the body decently laid away.

"We are sorry that Hank didn't meet us on the street in daylight, and thus have a better show, but as he chose his own way no one is to blame but himself."

"HE WILL, EH?-The other day, when we

anticipations.

"The judge ewns 20 acres of sand and cactus three miles out of town on the Mormon trail. He had made that Boston man believe this tract covered a ledge of pure silver, and was worth \$1,000,000, but owing to various reasons he would sell it for \$25,000. We spoiled the sale in about 30 seconds, and we understand that the indge has sworn to have our life as an

offset.
"Say, Judge, come and see us! If you thirst for our gore come and quench! We are always on deck every day in the week, and if you can get the drop on us our scalp is Yours. "We shan't interfere in anything like a "We shan't interfere in anything like a square deal in this neighborhood, but we don't want to see our sand prairie all dug up and tossed about by a lot of tenderfeet who will afterwards seek to kill the town out of spite. Judge Saunders will find a plan of our graveyard hanging up in the postoffice. Those lots marked with a blue lead pencil have already been taken and occupied."

"COME AND SEE IT.—We have just received from a friend in Denver a laundried shirt, valued at 75 cents, cut in the latest style and buttoning in the back. It is not only a valued present, but a curiosity which all should see, and for a few days we will have it on exhibition at the office."



SUNSET PASS;

Running the Gauntlet Through Apache Land.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING. AUTEOR OF "THE DESERTER." "A WAR-TIME WOO

[Copyright, 1890, by S. S. McClure.]

VI.

SURROUNDED BY INDIANS.



"THE WHOLE WAGON WAS SOON A MASS OF FLAMES."

Indian trailers in following their track up visions they had found. Two of them had

the mountain side; of this Pike was well released Manuelito from the mule, and the

assured. But the wary old trooper had poor devil was now seated, bound and help-

within easy range and almost sure shot of

And now, peering down into the road far

below, Pike could see that the leading In-

dians had come in sight of the big baggage

wagon, and that they were signalling to

or four sinewy, athletic young fellows

sprang up among the trees and boulders on

the north side of the pass, and crouching,

they went flitting from rock to rock or tree

to tree until lost to the view of the lone

watcher on the great ledge. but it was evi-

dent that their purpose was to reconnoitre

the position from that side, as well as to

surround the objects of their pursuit should they still be there. Almost at the same in-

came leaping like goats a short distance up

the slope towards Pike's unconscious garri

son, but speedily turned eastward, and,

adopting precisely the same tactics as those

of their comrades across the road, rapidly,

found this," muttered Pike. "It won't be five minutes before they satisfy themselves

that there is no one left to defend those

wagons or the horses-and the moment

they realize it there'll be a yell of delight.

Sure enough! After a brief interval of

silence, there came from below a shout of

exultation, answered instantly by trium-

phant yells from the Indians in the road-

way, and echoed by a wail of mortal terror

from poor Kate, crouching below in the

cave. Pike lost no time in sliding down the rocks and striving to comfort her.

lie, clinging to her nurse, was terrified

by the sounds. Little Ned. pale, but with

his boyish face set and determined, grasped once more his little Ballard rifle,

and looked up in the corporal's face as much as to say: "Count on me for one of

Trembling, shivering and calling on the

blessed saints, poor Kate stood there wring-

ing her hands, the very personification of

abject fright. Jim, coming around to the

mouth of the cave, spoke sternly to her:

told her she ought to be ashamed of herself

for setting so bad an example to little Nell.

man behaves; his father would be proud of

'Don't worry-don't be so afraid. Kate:

they have got all they want just now.

They'll just plunder and gorge themselves

with food, and then they will have Manu-elito to amuse themselves with. It is getting

too late in the day for them to attempt to

follow us. They have got too much to oc-

cupy themselves with, anyhow. Don't you worry, old girl. If they do come this way,

as they may tomorrow morning, we'll give them a dose that will make them wish they

The Indian shouts redoubled; every ac-

cent was that of triumph. They were evidently rejoicing over the rich find in the

ambulance and the baggage wagon. Of

left there for which Pike's party would

have no possible use up here in the cave.

horses, too, delighted the Tontos, and, as

Pike said, they would doubtless be occupied some little time with the division of

the spoils, and longer in having a grand

Looking down the road he could see the

two mules browsing peacefully side by side, Manuelito still lashed to the back of one of

And then Pike spoke up:

had never seen a Yankee."

Mighty lucky we got out of that and

but with the utmost stealth and noiseless

ness, bore down on the aban oned nook.

too, an equal number of the Tontos

like panthers, half crawling, half springing,

those in the rear, for almost instantly three

self, moaning and weeping, but no longer making any outery. Pike decided that it would be necessary for him to go once more to his watch tower, and, as far as he could, watch the programme of the Apaches the rest of the day. Before starting, however, he called up Jim and gave him his instructions:

"You see that the sun is almost down."

Verde. as come they will, I haven't a doubt, now papa has found that he was cut off and hurry the troops. He knows well that you and Jim and I could take care of Nellie and stand off these beggars until he could reach us. Now, light the lantern and stow it in that niche yonder. And you. Kate, lie down and cover yourself, and the children with blankets. I'm going out where I can watch what they're doing."

his instructions:

"You see that the sun is almost down.
The chances are that they will be so much interested in what they have found that darkness will settle down upon us before they fairly get through with their jubilee. Then, again, it may be that the bloody hounds will have some fun of their own with poor Manuelito tonight. I've no sympathy for the scoundrel, but I can't bear the idea of one who has served of observation on top of the rock, watching the Indians as they slowly and cautiously

Nowerer, he caned up but it is almost down.

"You see that the sun is almost down.
The chances are that they will be so much interested in what they have found that darkness will settle down upon us before they fairly get through with their jubilee. Then, again, it may be that the bloody hounds will have some fun of their own with poor Manuelito tonight. I've no sympathy for the scoundrel, but I can't bear the idea of one who has served with us so long being tortured before our with us so long being tortured before our very eyes. We can't help it, however, there are only two of us here, and our first object in the light of their fire. Levelling his glasses he could make out that several of the ludians were grouped about some object in the light of their or two came running to the soot with buckets of water, which they dashed over a prostrate form.

In less than a minute—with the single ex-

Pike knew from the sounds that the cap-tain's little store of liquor was fast disap-

pearing. Every moment the noise waxed

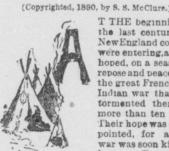
of the rock, watching the Indians as they slowly and cautiously moved down the pass slowly and cautiously moved down the pass the filed mean doned camp that wetched old Kate of a nurse there and out it was Manuellite, who had probably fainted which help dead away. Then, as the Mexican apparently began that wetched old Kate of a nurse there are only two of us behind the barrance. I'll whistle if any Indian attempts to follow our trail: then I'll come down here as quickly as possible. But keep a bright and the fatigues of the climb, were sleeping soundly in the little care on the peak. Nellie, with here is the form the cover the rocks to the seep a bright and the fatigues of the climb, were sleeping soundly in the little care on the peak. Nellie, with here and indians came to the rocks to the west. What he is looking out for, I don't know, but it may be that they expect the cavalry even more hand we as still filled with dread and anxiety. The old trooper knew well that just as soon as the Indians came to the wagons and found them abandoned, their first care would be to secure all the Dlunder from them possible. Then they don't neglect precautions. Seel he's would probably dispose of Manuellio after their own cruel designs, and then, if darkness did not come on in the meastime, they would probably dispose of Manuellio after their own cruel designs, and then, if darkness did not come on in the meastime, they would probably begin their search for the fugitives. There would be no difficulty to seen any thing, whistle, and I'll come down the same and to the pass below; but have a soon as the Indians came to the wagons and the pass to the top, and the pass below; but have been possible. But keep a bright and the fatigues of the climb, were sleep as this pass and found them abandoned. The pass below; but have had signal from the wagons and lead any to the sound and borne, moraling and the fatigues of the climb, were solved to the and the fatigues of the climb, were solved to the and the pass and the pass below; but have rear axle came down with a crash, sending showers of sparks whirling through the showers of sparks whirling through the night air, and Pike turned away faint and

Another instant, however, and every faculty was on the alert. Every nerve strung to its highest tension, an the old soldier sprang back to the cave in answer to im's call.
"Look." whispered the negro. "Look lown there! There's some one moving among those rocks."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT.

A Narrative of Early Indian Warfare in New England.



assured. But the wary old trooper had taken the precaution every time that he less, on a rock by the roadside, looking too and Jim had gone to and from the camp to take a roundabout path, so as to bring their trail around the base of the mountain in front of the cave, and in this way the Indians, in following, would come directly in front of their barricade at the mouth, and from 60 to 100 yards down the hill, and it was impossible not to feel compassion for him in his present awful plight. the peace of Utrecht seemed to end their Lake Ossipee. him in his present awful plight.

The sun had gone down behind the range, far over to the west, as Pike reached once more the top of his watch-tower, and every moment the darkness deepened down the miseries. A few tranquil years followed. till, in 1722, the Indians of the Kennebec, the Saco and the Penobscot, provoked by wrongs and instigated by emissaries from moment the darkness deepened down the pass. Up here he could not only see the baggage wagon in the road, but the top of the ambulance, and two of the horses were also visible and occasionally the lithe forms of the Tontos scurrying about in the firelight. Evidently the old cook fire in the cleft of the rocks had been stirred up, and was now being utilized by half the band, while the others toasted the bacon and roasted "frijoles" down in the road.

The yells had long since ceased. Many of the warriors were squatting about the baggage wagon, gnawing at hard bread or other Canada, fell again upon the border settlements, and a three-years' conflict ensued, sometimes known in its day as "Lovewell's war.' It took this name from an incident which was long as famous in the traditions of New England as Chevy Chase in those of

the Scottish border.
On the banks of the Saco river lived the Abenaki tribe, known as the Sokokis. When gage wagon, gnawing at hard bread or other unaccustomed luxuries. but those at the ambulance were chattering like so many monkeys, and keeping up a hammering, the object of which Pike could not at first imagine, until he suddenly remembered the the country was first visited by white men most of these Indians lived near the falls of the river, not far from its mouth. They re tired before the English settlers, and either joined their kindred in Maine or migrated to St. Francis and other Abenaki settle imagine, until he suddenly remembered the locked box under the driver's seat, the key of which was always carried by the captain. Then a flash of hope shot over him as he recalled the fact that when they left their station Capt. Gwynne had stowed away in there three or four bottles of whiskey or brandy. It would take them but a little while, he knew, to break into the enclosure, and then there would be a bacchanalian scene. ments in Canada. But a Sokoki band called Pigwackets, or Fequawkets, still kept its place on the upper waters of the river, at a spot within the present town of Fryeburg. Except a much smaller band of their near relatives on Lake Ossipee, they were at this exposed to sight for an instant, time the only human tenants of a wilderness

and then there would be a bacchanalian scene.

"O that it were a barrel, instead of a bottle or two." groaned Pike. "As it is there's just enough to exhilarate the gang and keep them singing and dancing all night, but a barrel!—that would stunefy them one after another, and Jim and I could have gone down and murdered the whole crowd. Not one of 'em would ever have known what hurt him."

Ha!a sound of crashing, splitting wood. A rush, a sculle—then a yell of triumph and delight. Every Indian in the roadway sprang to his feet and darted off up the rocks to swell the chorus at the ambulance. Even Manuelito's guard left his prisoner to take care of himself, and ran like a deer to claim his share of the madly craved "firewater." many thousand square miles in extent. Not far from where their wigwams stood clustered in a bend of the Saco, by the small lake now called Lovewell's pond. It owes its name to John Lovewell of Dunstable, a Massachusetts village on the New Hamp shire line. His father, the owner of a forti fied house in Dunstable, had been a soldier in Philip's war, and had taken part in the famous Narragansett swamp fight. The younger Lovewell, about 33 years of age. lived with his wife Hannah and two or three children on a farm of 200 acres. The inventory of his effects, made after his death, includes five or six cattle, one mare, two steel traps with chains, a gun, two or ception of their sentry on the hill—every Fento was struggling, shouting, laughing and leaping about the family wagon, and three books, a feather bed and a mattress along with sundry tools. pots, barrels chests, tubs, and the like-the equipment tain's little store of liquor was fast disappearing. Every moment the noise waxed louder and fiercer, as the deep potations of the principal Indians did their poisonous work. There were shrill altercations, vehement invective and reproach: Pike even hoped for a minute that there had been enough after all to start them fighting among themselves, but the hope was deiusive. All was gloom and darkness now in the pass, except immediately around the two fires. He could no longer see Manuelite or the mules, but suddenly he heard a sound of a simultaneous rush, and an instant after, with hideous shouts and yells the whole band leaped into view and went tearing down into the road and up to the rocks where their helpless prisoner still sat bound and hopeless—more dead than alive—and Pike heard the shriek of despair with which the poor fellow greeted his now half-crazy captors.

"My God!" groaned the old soldier, "It is awful to have to lurk here and make no move to help him. He would have cut all our throats without a tinge of conscience, but I can't see him tortured, nor can I lift a hand to save him. Andhere's Kate and those poor little ones. They can't help hearing his cries and shrieks. What an awful night in short, of a decent frontier yeoman of the time. But being, like the tough veteran

his father, of a bold and adventurous dispe

sition, he seems to have been less given to

farming than to hunting and bush-fighting. Dunstable was attacked by Indians in the away before the wind. autumn of 1724, and two men were carried fell into an ambush, where seven or more of them were killed. Lovewell's brother-inlaw, Josiah Farwell, being one of those who House of Representatives at Boston. It deling white men explored the scene of the deep. clares that in order "to kill and destroy the fight. Jacob Farrar lay gasping his last by Indian enemy," the petitioners and 40 or 50 the edge of the water. Robert Usher and others are ready to spend one whole year in hunting them, "provided they can meet the 34 men, nine had escaped without with incouragement suitable." The signatures are those of John Lovewell, Josiah the rest were dead or dying, except the Farwell and Jonathan Robbins, all of Dunstable, the first name being well written and the other two after a somewhat such as had strength to walk left the cramped and awkward fashion. The repre- ground. Robbins, as he lay helpless, asked sentatives accepted the proposal and voted to give each adventurer two shillings and sixpence a day, then equal in Massachusetts me, and I'll kill another of 'em if I can."

A company of 30 was soon raised; Love-well was chosen captain, Farwell, lieutenant,

and not one of the party was more prompt to use them.

They began their march on April 15. They crossed the Saco just below the site of Fryeburg, and in the night, as they lay in the woods near the north end of Lovewell's pond, the men on guard heard sounds like Indians prowling about them. At daybreak—It was Sunday, the 8th of May—as they stood bareheaded, listening to a prayer from the young chaplain, they heard the report of a gun, and soon after discovered an Indian on the shore of the pond at a considerable distance.

Apparently he was shooting ducks, but Lovewell, suspecting a device to lure them into an ambuscade, asked the men whether they were for pushing forward or falling back, and with one voice they called upon him to lead them on. They were then in a piece of open pine woods traversed by a small brook. He ordered them to lay down their packs and advance with extreme

their packs and advance with extreme caution.

'THE CHAPLAIN LAY DOWN AND BEGGEI

They had moved forward about a mile when they met an Indian coming toward hem through the dense trees and bushes He no sooner saw them than he fired at the leading men. His gun was charged with small shot, but he was so near his mark that the effect was equal to that of a bullet, and he severely wounded Lovewell and a man named Whiting, on which Seth Wyman shot him dead, and the chaplain and another man scalped him.

man shot him dead, and the chaplain and another man scalped him.

Lovewell, though believed to be mortally hurt, was still able to wark, and the party fell back to the place where they had left their packs. The packs had disappeared, and, suddenly, with frightful yells, the whole body of the Pequawket warriors rushed from their hiding places, firing as they came on. The survivors say that they were entering, as they hoped, on a season of repose and peace after the great French and Indian war that had formented them for more than ten years. Their hope was disappointed, for a new war was soon kindled between France and £England, and the fired more than tone on the Indians as he lay dying. His two fleutenants, Farwell and Robbins, were also bally hurt, Eight others fell, but the rest stood their works achusetts were harried. Canads, till, in 1713.

The sade and doleful fall of the same played the coward, Benjamin Hassell of Dunstable, who ran off, escaped in the confusion, and made with his bets speed for the fort and another mortal made with his bets speed for the fort at the coward, Benjamin Hassell of Dunstable, who ran off, escaped in the confusion, and made with his bets speed for the fort at real place and the characters are the pack to their old haunts by the Sa2o; but they save used to their sreturned attenting at the pace to their old haunts by the Sa2o; but they were a character while to their sreturned and the text place and the confusion, and more than the packs. The packs had disappeared, and the depth hurt, was still able to wark, and the packs had disappeared, and the text packs. The packs had disappeared, and the same that had bett on their packs. The packs had disappeared, and step very and the packs to the place and their packs. The packs had disappeared, and such their packs. The packs had disappeared, and the such packs had disappeared, and such their packs had disappeared, and the text packs had disappeared, and the first packs. The packs had disappeared, and such their packs had disappeared,

American colonies of the two powers were hard that they drove them back to cove forced to take the consequences. For 12 with heavy loss. One man played the years more the borders of Maine. New coward, Benjamin Hassell of Dunstable, Hampshire and Massachusetts were harried who ran off, escaped in the confusion, and The ballad, written just after the fight, and ger

The situation of the party was desperate, and nothing saved them from destruction but the prompt action of their surviving officers, only one of whom, Ensign Wyman had escaped unburt. It was probably un der his direction that the men fell back steadily to the shore of the pond, which was only a few rods distant.

Here the water protected their rear so

that they could not be surrounded; and now followed one of the most obstinate and deadly bush fights in the annals of New England. It was about 10 o'clock when the firing began, and it lasted until night. The Indians had the greater agility and skill in hiding and sheltering themselves, and the whites the greater steadiness and coolness in using their guns. They fought in the shade, for the forest was dense, and all alike covered themselves as they best could behind trees, bushes or fallen trunks, where each man crouched with eyes and mind intent, firing whenever he saw, or thought he saw, the head, limbs or body of an enemy

The Indians howled like wolves, velled like enraged cougars, and made the forest ring with their whoops, while the whites replied with shouts and cheers. At one time the Indians ceased ffring and drew back among the trees and undergrowth, where, by the noise they made, they seemed to be holding a "pow-wow" or incantation to pro cure victory; but the keen and Seth Wyman crept up among the bushes shot the chief conjuror, and broke up the meeting. About the middle of the afternoon young Frye received a mortal wound. Unable to fight longer, he lay in his blood. praying from time to time for his comrades

in a faint but audible voice. Solomon Keyes of Billerica received two wounds, but fought on till a third shot struck him. He then crawled up to Wyman in the heat of the fight and told him that

Lieut. Robbins were unable to move. Of serious injury, 11 were badly wounded and coward who had run off.

About midnight, when the moon was up, one of them to load his gun, saying; "The Indians will come in the morning to scalp currency to about one English shilling, out | They loaded the gun and left him

bottom of which is formed by the secondary

Farwell died of exhaustion. The remaining two lost their way and became separated. After wandering 11 days Davis reached the fort at Lake Ossipee, and, finding food there, came into Berwick on the 27th. Jones, after 14 days in the woods, arrived half dead at the village of Biddeford. ome of the eleven who had first reached

Some of the eleven who had first reached the fort, together with Keyes, who joined them there, came into Dunstable during the night of the 13th, and the rest followed one or two days later. Ensign Wyman, who was now the only officer left alive, and who had borne himself throughout with the utmost intrepidity, decision, and good sense, reached the same place along with three other men on the 15th.

The runaway, Hassell, and the guard at the fort, whom he had infected with his terror, had lost no time in making their way back to Junstable, which they seem to have reached on the evening of the 11th. Horsemen were sent in haste to carry the doleful news to Boston, on which the governor sent orders to Col. Tyng of the militia, who was then at Dunstable, to gather men in the border towns, march with all speed to the place of the fight, succorthe wounded if any were still alive, and attack the Indians if he could find them. Tyng called upon Hassell to go w the him as a guide, but he was ill, or pretended to be so, on which one of the men who had been in the fight and had just returned offered to take his place.

When the party reached the scene of the

and had just returned offered to take his place.

When the party reached the scene of the battle they was the trees plentifully scarred with bullets, and presently found and buried the bodies of Lovewell and Robbins and 10 others. The Indians, after their usual custom, had carried off or hidden their own dead; but Tyng's men discovered three of them buried together, and one of these was recognized as the war chief Paugus, killed by Wyman, or, according to a doubtful tradition, by John Chamberlain.*

Not a living Indian was to be seen. The Pequawkets were cowed by the rough hand-Not a living indian was to be seen. In e Pequawkets were cowed by the rough hand-ling they had met when they plainly ex-pected a victory. Some of them joined their Abenaki kinsmen in Canada, and remained there, while others returned after the peace to their old haunts by the Saco: but they never again raised the hatchet against the English.

by war parties from Canada, till, in 1713. made with his best speed for the fort at erally accurate in its statements, assigns the feat to

Then set his men in order and brought off the re-FRANCIS PARKMAN.

HOME-MADE APPARATUS.

Hermann Describes the Conjurer's Table and the Magic Ball. [Copyright, 1890, by S. S. McClure.]

In my former articles on the subject of amateur conjuring and palmistry, I endeavored to confine myself entirely for my illustrations of the actual practice of such inciples of the art as I laid down to those tricks which could be performed absolutely without any apparatus and the 10 fingers, purpose for which he needs it. and the impudence of the performer him self. There I had intended to stop, although I was fully conscious that the most interesting a d clever conjuring tricks depend absolutely on more or less apparatus, and more especially those which are within the



To begin with-he will find his first eshe was a dead man, but that the Indians sential to be a conjurer's table, and this he should not get his scalp if he could help it. Creeping along the sandy edge of the pond, a little time and trouble, easily manufacture he chanced to find a stranded canoe, pushed it affect, rolled himself into it, and drifted away before the wind.

away before the wind. tumn of 1724, and two men were carried on which 10 others went in pursuit, but left the field to their enemies, living and it consists of four turned legs, a top of either "Sh" when I dead, not even stopping to scalp the fallen one or two or more inch boards closely -a remarkable proof of the completeness of jointed, and that the legs are stiffened by their discomfiture. Exhausted with fatigue four pieces tenoned unto them at right ing with some neighbor about my wealthy escaped. Soon after this a petition styled a and hunger-for having lost their packs in angles to the top, and fitting closely under 'humble memorial" was laid before the the morning they had no food-the surviv- it. These four pieces are about 4 inches for whom Joseph was named.



one by laying half-

table top. You must now either stand the table upon four blocks of wood, or else screw on to each | she asked, sharply. of the four legs one of the brass claws holding a wooden ball, which can be procured said I. at any cabinet-maker's. The object of this is to so heighten the table that when care-

Now cover the top of your shelf with can- steady arm or a long leg. ton flannel, so glued on that the fluffy side may be uppermost, and stain the legs of the her, and, with her gray eyes fixed upon me My name was mentioned last of all, and table any color you may prefer, but black keenly, asked: for choice. When ready to use it cover it with a table cover hanging down about time at school, sir? seven inches on all sides save that on which the shelf is placed, on which side it is a little deaf, and he's near-sighted, too, and merely drawn over the edge of the table top | that gives us boys a good chance." and there secured from slipping forward with a couple of brass-headed thumb tacks, do you?" and you have a most respectable wizard's

ite, and is used as a receptacle for such small articles as, in the course of his entertainment, the performer finds it necessary to get rid of; while, on the other hand, such articles as he wishes to palm or obtain box-like receptacle is for such cumbrous articles as by their accumulation would the best of anything. cumber the servante proper in the course of accustom himself to pick up articles from, or lay them down upon the servante withor lay them down upon the sout making such motion of the forearm as might suggest what he was really about to the most observant spectator, while he must.

It is the most observant spectator, while he must.

It is the most observant spectator, while he must. follow with them the motions of his hands or appear to be looking for anything below living by and by, peppering tomcats? the surface of the table.

performance of particular tricks may not be inadmissible at this point and I shall also endeavor to briefly indicate how such apparatus may be profitably employed. The "changing card box," for instance, may not only be used as the basis of a trick in itself, but it may be brought into service as a substitute for the rather difficult sleight of forcing a card, as will hereafter be explained.

Procure an ordinary cigar box and take it to pieces, carefully retaining the slender wire nails with which it is put together; out of the thin pieces of cedar wood thus obtained construct, as neatly as you can, join-

If you take a court card, and secretly place it in the lower portion of the box with the plush-covered zinc over it, the box with the plush-covered zinc over it, the box with appear empty, and may be confidently exhibited. If one of your audience now place in the box (and necessarily on top of the zinc, a plain card, and the box be defity turned upside down), which from its peculiar construction may be done without attracting attention, the zinc will fail to the other side, carrying the plain card with it, and the court card will have taken its place, thus giving the idea that it has been changed from one to another. In the same way you may cause a given card to appear in an apparently empty box, or a card placed therein to disappear completely.

If in any of your tricks you find it necessary to force a card (always a ticklish operation, even to an expert), you can ask any one to draw a card, and without looking at it to place it in the box for safe-keeping, the box you who is asked to look at the card.

lace it in the box for safe-keeping, the classifier afterwards opened by another person, sho is asked to look at the card. This he looks at the the coes, but the card he looks at is the one which was placed in the box beforehand by which was placed in the box beforehand by

How His Rich Aunt Gave Him a Queer Lesson in Manliness. [Copyright, 1890, by S. S. McCture.



to be nothing under the sun that she couldn't do. Certainly there wasn't on a raising colts down to cultivating prize dahlias, she couldn't be matched. She did everything so easily, too: was so olly com-fortable in all her

boy's name to be. My aunt was immensely rich. Of course I

was to be her heir. That was understood in Mother would always say "Sh!" when I talked of it boldly, but her eyes would glisten proudly just the same. More than once, too, I'd overheard her talksister-in-law, the widow without children,

Now lay your table "scrape along," as father said, and put up with what we could get. But both father on its top, and form a and mother took things cheerily; they un cond top, as it were, derstood that it wasn't to last on in this way below the original always. There were six of us boys, and father was a printer. I tell you it was a inch boards across comical sight to see, sometimes, the long and nailing them to legs and arms stretching out of the overthe lower edge of the grown and patched-up suits of five of 'em. vertical bracing But I never looked that way because I was pieces, neatly cutting named for Aunt Josephine. I used to comthem out at the four fort 'em. 'specially when I got off easy on angles of the table, so my share of the work, by telling what I that the square por would do for 'em when I came into my

phine didn't take to those suits as one Hawley, when we were on one of our cat Once she said to me with a sniff of her

precautions against the bugs.

"Humph!" exclaimed my aunt.

"Of course net. What's the need?"

I had been asked to do a bit of an errand:

"I don't expect to have to earn my liv-

omebody else can be sent."

"Humph!"

stead of Joe, your father dresses you better next winter she died, very suddenly. It was than he does the other boys."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; why shouldn't he?" I

I remember all these words of Aunt Josephine very well, because they were "Seems to me, sir (she always said sir in- said the last summer I was with her. The dreadful news to hear, and, although I was expecting to be her heir. I wasn't able to keep from crying most of the time. I couldn't help thinking, why couldn't she "Humph!" was all that she had to say have lived and let me come into the property all the same? What is the need of How I revelled in Aunt Josephine's strawpeople dying in order that somebody else berries, plump cherries and golden raspcan have the money? Aunt Josephine and berries! Those summers I spent with her were a constant picuic. Nothing to do but I-we could have always got on together. There was the funeral, and then the eat and play. She tended the fruits herself.

gathering of the family together in her

She wouldn't trust any of the men, but was up early every morning weeding or taking large parlor to hear the reading of the will. recautions against the bugs.

"That's right, aunt," I said once. "If you Mr. Green, the lawyer who had drawn up the will, was a cousin. Such a will was never heard before. First, there was a list of want a thing done well you must do it yourarticles to be given away, one to each rela-"Do you live up to that principle, sir?" tion-a picture, a chair, or something of that kind. But for the property! A couple "Way, no, ma'am; I'm not obliged to," of hundred dollars was given apiece to each. and the rest was placed in trust with the I said I was as fond of doing lots of things lawyer. The estate was to be carried on as Isaid I was as fond of doing lots of things that the top may reach an inch or two above your wrists, when your arms are held loosely by your side, while the top of the shelf comes just level with your knuckles.

Isaid I was as fond of doing lots of things that had it was as myAunt Josephine but I think I made it usual, the annual income to be used in helping support a large charitable institution in Boston. This to last for three years, at the could play cricket better, or swim, or shoot, end of which time a further letter of income to be used in helping support a large charitable institution in Boston. This to last for three years, at the could play cricket better, or swim, or shoot, end of which time a further letter of income to be used in helping support a large charitable institution in Boston. This to last for three years, at the could play cricket better, or swim, or shoot, end of which time a further letter of income to be used in helping support a large charitable institution in Boston. or, in fact, do anything that required a structions was to be opened and its contents carried out according to the wishes of the Once Aunt Josephine drew me up before | deceased.

as follows:

"I will and bequeath to my nephew "Do you manage to have a pretty good Joseph Hedden Wingate, my best wishes for his success in life, especially in his "Yes, ma'am," I answered: "master, he's chosen avocation of peppering tomcats. I also will and bequeath to him my dog, Peter, which may be of aid to him in his "Don't get as high rank as your brothers, efforts, and a constant reminder of his aunt's interest in his welfare. There will also be "Humph!" she exclaimed again. But I knew, if she didn't say so, that she found in my letter of instructions, to be opened three years from the date of my wanted me to enjoy myself. Many's the death, a further expression of my wishes as time she's said to some one of the men when to my nephew Joseph."

I must have turned very white on hearing "Oh, let the boy alone unless he is willing. this strange bequest, for I heard my mother

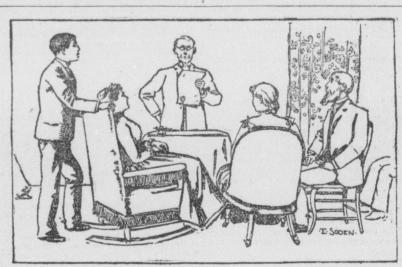
call quickly for "camphor."

"Get away!" I said to some one who Of course she was thinking that I did not wanted to put it to my nose. "There's Once she asked me what I liked doing nothing the matter with me. I'm going right out now to find Aunt Josephine's cat and try my hand at peppering her!" "Peppering tomcats," I answered,

I didn't say that with any malice, but only "What in the world is that?"
"Oh, Dick Hawley and I take our popto help throw off my feelings. To tell the truth, it came over me with more of a rush guns and go up Cat alley-that's a row of than ever, how Aunt Josephine had left

"Well, sir, do you expect to earn your "I called, "Come on, Pete!" and off we "We didn't find the cat. for I ran to my

favorite cherry tree with the seat aunt and I often used to sit upon when it was full of Another day she fired questions at me as plump fruit.



READING THE WILL.

thick and fast as Dick and I did pebbles at I tell you I did heaps of thinking there. First I thought of the disappointment to father and mother, and all the expense the cats.

should you choose to be? "I really can't think, aunt," said I.

'A printer, like your father?" "Oh, no, ma'am."
"A fancy farm producer, like myself?"

"Too much work in that."
"A lawyer? a doctor? a merchant?" "No, ma'am."

"I don't know about that, aunt. You look as much interested in these things as if they were fun to you."

She laughed. "There's something in what you say. But it remains to be seen if useful things could interest you.' "How you do hang around me!" she said



TREE.

another day. "I don't suppose you learn anything, either. "Yes ma'am, I do. From watching you I learn to do about everything on the farm." "Pshaw! Let me see you weed here

"Oh, aunt! I'm off now for a swim. I could do it if it was needed." Away I ran. I really cared a great deal for Aunt

Josephine. There was something in her be, gray e e that held me fast to her, and some-wil times I could not help throwing my arms about her and telling her o.

they had been at for suits and so on. All for nothing. Then I thought of the lessons behindhand at school and the work I'd have to do to catch up, for of course I'd got to take hold and work now like other boys. No shirking now. No more fun, but just good, solid work for a boy, who by and by had got to earn his living and make up to

"Alawer? a doctor? a merchant?"
"No, ma'am."
"Sailor? carpenter? bootblack?"
"Well, sir, there seems scarcely any occupation left you, unless it's peppering tomcast!"
Aunt Josephine went off looking as if she were for once vexed. I wondered why it could be.
But at dinner she was as comfortable and easy as ever. We had a strawberry shortcake. She kept passing the cake to me until I thought I should burst. If there was anything I was fond of it was strawberry shortcake. She kept passing the cake to me until I thought I should burst. If there were anything I was fond of it was strawberry shortcake. After dinner she said to me, patting me under the chin, as if I had been a baby instead of a boy over 13:
"Well, sir, it's lucky you have not got to take up a trade or profession. as you declare, since you are so fond of goodies, and it requires lots of hard work for a poor man to get them."
So, too, again, when she had been working over an hour nursing a sick calf, which was at last comfortable, she burst out with: "Could you do anything like that, sir?"
"Oh, yes, if I had to aunt." I replied.
"Humph! Think you have the patience?"
"Takes those things to learn to swim, to play base bill well, and such things."
"The berseverance?"
"Takes those things to learn to swim, to play base bill well, and such things."
"Yes, but there's fun in them. That makes a difference."
"I don't know about that, aunt. You look as much interested in these things as if

though.
At home I never let father speak twice when he wanted a thing done; and that stern word the day of the funeral is the only one I ever remember of his using to me. But, then, he was the kindest father in the

one I ever remember of his using to me.
But then, he was the kindest father in the
world.

When vacation came I asked Lawyer
Green to let me work on the farm. He said
I might if I would work well. I remembered Aunt Josephine's ways and did my
best to follow them. You may be sure
there were plenty of things to set to rights.
The clumsy men were very different from
my clever aunt. I saved the cherries, for
if I hadn't been there they would all have
gone to the bugs. Sometimes it was awful
hard on my feelings to be there, for I
missed Aunt Josephine so; yet there was a
kind of satistaction through it all, for I
used to fancy i could hear her say:

"That's right, sir, since you've to make
your own way in the world."

Well, the three years passed, I got
through the grammar school sooner than
any one expected, and had been a year in
the high. I had decided to go through the
four-years' course there, and then go into
my father's business and save up enough to
start towards owning a fancy farm like
Aunt Josephine's. I knew I could run one
if I once got started. I remembered all her
ways as if I had seen her at work yesterday,
and the summer vacations there were a
great help.

The third anniversary of aunt's death
came round, and we all went up to the farm
to hear the letter of instructions read.

The third anniversary of aunt's death came round and we all went up to the farm to hear the letter of instructions read.

"Some more advice in it for me." I thought. "but if Aunt Josephine were alive she'd see I didn't need it."

I tell you it was something of a trial to go there again. Mother and father were fearfully nervous and mother she couldn't keer her eyes off of me all the way there, and kept saving "Poor boy." just as she did the day of the disappointment. I tried to cheer her all I could, telling her to never mind what was coming; I'd made up my mind to own as good a farm as Aunt Josephine's when I grew up, and that I should stick to that. Then she would say, "Bless you, my boy," in a way to make a fellow feel all hollow.

that. Then she would say, Diess you, my boy!" in a way to make a fellow feel all hollow.

Lawver Green shook thands with us all most warmly, especially me.

"I've heard good words of you," he said, "both from your home and your school. But I scarcely need them, seeing you work so like a man in vacation. It would do your aunt's heart good to know her little sarcasm in the will was really not deserved. But come in. I have a surprise for you."

We hastened in, wondering what it could be. The letter was very brief. It was a new will, after all. It was simply this:

"If, at the end of the three years my nephew, Joseph Heddon Win ate, has developed into an industrious, manly lad—as, the continue of the pointing."

poor little ones. They can't help hearing his cries and shrieks. What an awful night 'twill be for them! No use of my staying up here now. I must go down to them."

Far back in the black recesses of the cave he found them. Nellie, trembling and sob bing, with her head pillowed on Kate's, and covered with a shawl so as to shut out if deatly rejoicing over the rich find in the annulance and the baggage wagon. Of course a great deal of preperty had been To make one's way even by daylight tion of the turned legs may fit into them. property. of which he was to maintain himself. The men were in addition promised large re brough the snares and pitfalls of a New Thus, the sides and ends of these boards I spent my summer vacations with Aunt ears, and was at the same time frantically praying to all the saints in the calendar for help in their woeful peril, and for mercy for that poor wretch whose mad cries and imprecations rang out on the still night air even louder than the yeils of his captors. Manful little Ned sat close by his sister's side, patting her arm from time to time with one hand, while he clung to his rifle with the other. The boy did not shed a tear, though his voice trembled and his lips quivered as he answered Pike's cheery words. Jim knelt at his bost by the stone breastwork, keeping vigilant watch, though his teeth chattered despite his best efforts, and his eyes were doubtless bulging out of their sockets.

"You must hit he sitting here all in the wards for the scalps of male adult Indians. England forest is often a difficult task; it will be flush with the outer vertical faces of osephine every year after I was 10 years was treby so in the gloom of night and the braces. Before finally nailing this top. old. She wouldn't have me come before, overshadowing boughs, among the fallen or bottom, as you may prefer to consider it. because she said I wasn't old enough to and Robbins, ensign. After two compara-tively unimportant engagements. Lovewell trees and the snarl of underbrush. Any into place, neatly cut out an opening in one "study up." I didn't exactly know what but the most skilful woodsmen would infallibly have lost their way. The Indians, about three inches from either leg, and afterwards. that meant then, but I believe I found out began at once to gather men for another hunt. The busy season of the farmers was sick of fighting, did not molest them.

After struggling on for a mile or more than before. At the middle of April, however, he had raised a band of 46, of whom

After struggling on for a mile or more than before. At the middle of April, however, he had raised a band of 46, of whom

Josiah Jones and Elhacer Davis could go about three inches from the table top.

Now take a piece of half-inch planking, about tive or six inches wide, and as long about three finences from the table top.

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Now take a piece of half-inch planking, about tive or six inches wide, and as long about three finences from the table top.

Now take a piece of half-inch planking, about tive or six inches wide, and as long as the distance between the inner edges of a straw hat that looked like a man's, and ever, he had raised a band of 46, of whom he was the captain, with Farwell and Rob-Josiah Jones and Elhazer Davis could go no further, and, with their consent, the womales browsing peacefully side by side, Manucitios still lashed to the back of the state of the st the squared portion of the legs on the longer side of the table. Attach this by hinges to the second top you have by this time nailed in place. Immediately below the opening you have cut in the brace, and the squared portion of the legs on the brace, and the squared portion of the legs on the brace, and the squared portion of the table. Attach this by hingest that looked right into you. She really seemed more like a man than a woman. About her work, I mean. But when work is perfectly the squared portion of the legs on the longer side of the table.

The little shell is technically termed a

possession of surreptitiously, are here spread out in convenient array. The use of the need to be a worker. an evening's performance. I need hardly promptly. point out that the young performer must

A hint or two on the construction of such simple apparatus as may be used in the

DISINHERITED JOE.

Y Aunt Josephine
was such a clever woman! There seemed
to be nothing under fancy farm.

F. SODEN ways-why a boy couldn't help hanging round her. I was like her in some things; I wasn't named after her for nothing. I liked to turn my hand to lots of things, though I wanted fun in 'em. And I did love to take life easy. Joseph H. Wingate, that's as near to Josephine H. Wingate as you could expect a

We weren't very well-to-do. We had to

chicken in aspic and salads. The following dishes were made and tested

Chicken in Aspic Jelly.

and a half of tender cooked chicken, free of fat, skin and bone, and cut into dice, three slices of the red part of carrot, cooked, and three of cooked beet, the white of one hard boiled egg, one teaspoonful of salt and one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper.

Place the border mould in which the aspic

Put 1 can pease except 1/2 cup into a stewpan, add ½ onion, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, a bit of mace, ½ teaspoonful sugar, 1 teasoonful salt. 1 saltspoonful pepper. Simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Mash thoroughly and add 3 cups stock. Let it come to the boiling point and stock. Let it come to the boiling point and rub through a sieve. Melt 1 tablespoonful butter, add 1 tablespoonful corn starch and pour on slowly the hot stock. Cook 10 minutes and add 1 cup milk and the remainder of the pease. Serve with croutons. Use the best quality of peas, liquor and all. After summering together with the seasoning for half an hour, rub through a sieve; this can as well be done before stock seasoning for half an hour, rub through a sieve: this can as well be done before stock is added as afterward. Use white stock with this soup, chicken is best.

This soup can be made without stock by using water and more milk.

Braised Leg of Mutton. Bone a leg of mutton. Wipe, stuff and sew. Put I sliced onion, carrot and turnip h a pan, add a bay leaf. 4 cloves and a sprig of parsley. Put in the mutton, add 1 quart hot water and 1 teaspoonful salt. When done remove the meat. Brown, 1 When done remove the meat. Brown, 1 large tablespoonful butter, add 2 tablespoonfuls four and pour on slowly 1 pint of the liquor from the pan, Add ½ tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce and 1 tablespoonful mushroom catsup.

A leg of mutton can be bought already boned or the whole leg may be bought, using the bone that is cut off and those that are cut out for seup. Use a sharp knife to cut out all bones, being careful not to cut the outside skin. When the bones are

removed, sew up the small end of the leg to keep the stuffing in. Bake about 15 minutes to the bound. After the stuffing is in sew up the large end, skewering into as perfect a shape as possible. Bake in a regular braising pan (covered.) A small piece of meat for braising can be cooked in any common pan by putting another ban upside down over it for a cover. Have a rack in the bottom of the pan. This made of cooking meat is admirable for tough meat, rendering it tender and juicy.

Currant jelly sauce is very nice to serve with braised mutton.

Halibut a la Maitre d'Hotel. Sprinkle a slice of halibut with the juice Miss Parloa's lecture was on aspic jelly, 1 saltspoonful pepper and one teaspoonful Chicken in aspic and salads.

The following dishes were made and tested by the members of the large class present, and were pronounced good:

Aspic Jelly.

Take 1 quart of rich consomme, 1 gill of Madeira, 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, 2 tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoonful of sait and 1 package of gelatine.

Soak the gelatine in half a pint of the consomme for two hours. At the end of that time put the remainder of the consomme on the fire in a saucepan. As soon as it reaches the boiling point, add the soaked gelatine and the other intracedients. Draw back to a cooler part of the range, stir for five minutes, strain through a fiannel bag or a napkin. Cool the liquid in any form desired.

The amount of materials given above makes nearly three pints of jelly.

This islely is not only pretty to lock at, but it is good to eat, also.

This mede of making is the simplest. If the whites of two eggs be moderately well beaten and added to the hot consomme at the same time the soaked gelatine is, the jelly can be cleared, as directed for clearing telles. If strained through a finanel bag the jellisy will then be clear as crystal.

Aspic jelly may be used to garnish cold meats, fish or salads: it may be cooled and cut out with fancy cutters to use as a garnish: or a border may be made of the jelly, filled with salad, cold fish, etc., or the jelly may be cooled in little moulds decorated with vegetables, etc.

Use half the rule for the aspic jelly, a pint

Use half the rule for the aspic jelly, a pint salt. Let it stand half an hour. Butter a sheet and lay the fish on it. Melt 2 table-

Use half the rule for the aspic jelly, a pint and a half of tender cooked chicken, free of tablespoonfuls flour, and pour on slowly 1

her absence.
But Prisculla's pretty face lay against Ruben's heart until it ceased to beat; and I have no doubt that if lovers renew their vows in heaven, these two hearts have met there; these two whom the treacherous buckle of the scarlet pockets parted forever on earth.

GROWIN' OLD.

[Albert H. Hardy in Chicago Inter-Ocean.] Our Betty's surely growin' old. Ter-night I seen her at the glass A-lookin' at her pretty face,
An' takin' down the curly mass Of chestnut hair; an' thar' she stud, Jes' like a picter in a book, A-lookin' at jes' one white hair;
An' turnin', with a woeful look, She said: "I don't keer w'at you say, My dear, I'm awful old ter-day." An'. now I come ter think on it, Our Betty does seem changed of late; She don't keer much 'bout goin' 'round, An' seems a little more sedate An' shoughtful than she us' ter be. But everyone as knows her knows

'Twas on the 'leventh day of May-"Our Betty's six years old ter-day!

But then 't was sad ter hear her say: "My dear, I'm powerful old ter-day." But Betty hadn't orter fear; She's purty as a medder flower, An' I don't keer w'at she may say, Her voice is tes' as sweet as when

-OR.-

By SCOTT CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "MARGIE'S VENGEANCE," "THE

SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER," "THE BALL OF FIRE," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XVII. AN EARLY SALLY.

"My brave daughter! my brave daugh-

resolution.

"Yes, I know of him!" he exclaimed, sternly. "He was formerly a silversmith in southern Colorado before he turned his hand to striking false coins. Miss Forrest, your idea will prove a grand one, I give you my word. Come, boys! we've a jolly job before us, so be it the bird hasn't flown." "Bird!" exclaimed Matt. "Why, man, there's half a dozen of them!" "What!"

"Besides Gobob and his crazy son—"
"Son!" exclaimed Fisk. "He has no He claims to have, and there are four "He claims to have, and there are four more also."

"By Jupiter! there's a bird up aloft that whispers to me!—Son, eh?—we'll see about this son of his! Half a dozen of them?—I wish it were twice the number. That's but half of Jem Brock's gang. Come, boys!" he cried eagerly to the two inspectors, who seemed content to take his orders: "look to your guns! for, mark me, you may need them. But if we can land these desperadoes, it's fame easily won in half an hour! They are six; we are four at least.

"Five!" exclaimed the attorney, a bitter light glowing in his eyes; "you may count me in."

me in."
"Good! Forrest, how far do these knaves roost from here?" demanded the detective. whose eagerness seemed to impart itself to ress, if such it was, emanated not from grief or pain, but a great and pleasurable pride of his heroic girl.

It was but a short time subsequent to the lately recorded events, which have seemed to crowd too rapidly upon us.

Matth w Forrest had returned home by the night express, and once more was seated in his familiar sitting room. He was not alone, however, for with him were Edward Belden, the Boston attorney, and two powerful fellows, tamed in Pemberton square for their acumen and courage.

They had but recentiv arrived, and theyoung stranger who twice had so opportunely befriended Guy Annadale had just romely befriended Guy Annadale had just romely befriended Guy Annadale had just ring event of a brief time before, and if his depicture of Millie's heroism was a bit overdrawn it was because she was a woman, and womanly courage always is worthy of laudation.

In charming embarrassment Millie had suddenly ventured from an obscure corner to which she had timorously retreated, and, imploring the young man to desist, had in turn portrayed his timely appearance, his bold deriance of the lynchers, and their subsequent retreat and dispersion. It was at the close of this bushing portraval that Matthew forrest gave utterance to the fervent words opening the present chapter, and rising suddenly he folded his gentle daughter in his arms, to kiss her tenderly and murmur'in her car;

"I am very, very proud of my brave little girl!"

"Nonsen-e, papa," she remonstrated, yet, nevertheless, very happy and very bleased. "Didn't you leave him in my care? Besides, dear, I did only what I knew you would do had you been here?"

"Are, Millie, that i would have borne away a lasting reminder of Matt Forrest's censure, kun, now, and see if you can rake out a slit of lunch, he heriff's deep response;" and certain, too, it is, that one or more of the masked devils would have borne away a lasting reminder of Matt Forrest's censure, kun, now, and see if you can rake out a first factor became paler. The before the approach is the follows.

"I'll not be far behind you," replied Edwards trembling slightly before the other's earnest gaze. "I have a plan of my own."
Brock turned abruptly to the others.
"Boys, thar's clean goods enough to git us well away. Come below and we'll divide it up. Don't take no chance with the queer. Maltoy, meantime you mount, go out and hitch up."
He led the way to the cellar, and some time was expended in a division of such

with the up."

He led the way to the cellar, and some time was expended in a division of such genuine money as they possessed.

Edwards seemed to take no interest in their procedure: but still remained, either watching Annadale or pacing anxiously to and fro. He accepted later the funds which Jem Brock tendered him, and with no indication of regret bade his friends adieu.

It was daylight when the five men, in their rather crowded quarters, turned from the yard and drove rapidly down the narrow and rocky road.

"What's the matter with Jess?" remarked one, after a few minutes. "He don't seem right."

Other Deal with him as gently as you can. When you see him you will know why I have dones. "Yes, a glance was enough. This erring man, who, endowed with God given gifts which might have led to honor and to fame, had voluntarily chosen the downward path in life; his brain wrecked upon the black, jarged rocks which hide their fatal ridges beneath the shallow waters of dissipation and excess; his exhausted mind snapped as under by the late strain upon it—this pretender of imbedility and madness, Gobob's Fool! was no longer a pretender—Jess Edwards was hopelessly insance.

Thar's suthing on his mind," replied

d! I've thought so from the start!" ne irreverent exclamation.
d now," continued Brock: "ef we kin
ew hours start, and head off a train or
t's good enough. We've all got suth-

it's good enough. We've all got suth-to show fur the year's work." is he ceased speaking he reached up on reins to draw in the horse, which had n tearing madly down the steep deciv-it was unfortunate for him that he did for otherwise their impetus might have ried them, beyond the ambush some 20 dis below. astead several dark figures sprang sudinto the highway, and the command-oice of Alton Fisk rang out upon the p with your hands for your life!" ance was sufficient. Down came the across the horse's flank, and he sprang rd maddened by the blow. But the c detective was at him like a flash, g him by the bits with one hand, a revolver in the other covered Jem

heart.

ck's heart.

Ip with them, or I'll bore you!"

It he same moment the team was surneded by the practised officers, who knew well how to deal with such desperadoes.

In Brock, alone, took a chance for liberata a single bound, he cleared the herse dashed into the woods.

I alti or I fire!"

Fisk's ringing command was unheeded, revolver fiew to a level, and its sharp out echoed and re-echoed among the admit hills.

The counterfeiter ran a step or two, stagged, then fell into the brushwood, header, with a shattered knee.

The wounded as he was, and suffering, he we his own weapon from his pocket—not ire upon his captors, for that were worse nuscless, but to shoot thrice into the It was a significant action; it betrayed rude grandeur in his evil make-up, a do fheroic loyalty to his confederate—hoped the ringing reports would reach ears of Jess Edwards, and warn him of danger.

The state of the s

CHAPTER XIX.

There was a morbidly curious gathering about Miss Betsey Muffet's inn that bright morning in the late summer. Never before had such a tremendous event been experienced in that vicinity, and Jem Brock and his desperate confederates attracted as much attention from the villagers as so many strange and curious animals could possibly have done. They came and went lingered and whispered, gazed with awed eyes, then went and came again, till the heavy team which was to bear these outragers of the law to the county jail drew up before the inn. MISS BETSEY HAS A SAY. eyes, then went and came again, till the heavy team which was to bear these outragers of the law to the county jail drew up before the inn.

But the one observed most was the creature they had known as Gobob's Fool, he whose God given identity was forever sunken in the blank of imbecility it had been his heinous province to assume for evil.

As the heavy team drew away from income in the county for several hours and at last became in the blank of imbecility it had been his heinous province to assume for evil.

As the heavy team drew away from the inn, in one corner, little more than a huddled mass of flesh and blood, lay a raving wretch, struggling in the gripe of two stout men, his affrighted eves glaring wildly, his hair dishevelled, his bloodless lips white with froth, his delicate and symmetrical features distorted into hideous aspect, an appalling and sublime spectacle, full of moral to its awed beholders.

Jesse Edwards was never brought to trial for his crime—at least not before human tribunal. After a year of frightful suffering, probably merited, he died in a mad house. But Jem Brock and his confederates, although acquitted of being accessory to Harry Belden's murder, if they live today, are serving just sentence back of prison bars.

By the elemency of the court, obtained by Alton Fisk. Edna Edwards, who had been far more faithful to her vicious husband than to herself, was allowed her liberty and went her way—no doubt a far more beaceful and happy way than that it was her misfortune to review.



The Bible has been translated into 66 of the languages and dialects of Africa. It is estimated that 110,000,000 European eggs were eaten in the United States last

In Scotland it is said that to rock the mpty cradle will insure the coming of other

occupants for it.

Mr. Gladstone has had six private secretaries, each of whom now holds a political post. Their salaries aggregate \$50,000 an-A Fremont, Mich., man owns a hen which ays at night, a proceeding which he claims as phenomenal as though she ate hay like

A Polk county, Fla., hunter, has taken a novel contract. He has agreed to capture alive an 18-foot alligator for the sub-tropical

A young woman began a song. "Ten Thousand Leaves are Falling." She pitched it too high, screeched and stopped. "Starl her at 5000." cried an auctioneer.

A quantity of fish shipped to Reading from Maryland were found to be alive when unpacked, and when thrown into a tank of water darted around as lively as ever. In Denmark most of the girls are trained in agriculture, which is there an important industry. The owners of farms receive ounds, who undergo a regular training. Glory awaits the first amateur photog-apher who will take a picture of globular, ighthing, a phenomenon known to occur-ut of which po trustworthy evidence ex

Twenty-one tramps met in Decatur, Neb., and ordered meals at a restaurant. After

One of the most beautiful women in Paris, the Marquise de Galliffet, is suffering from a peculiar form of insanity. She goes into convulsions whenever she sees her face in a mirror.

The Czar of Russia has never worn the miform of a Russian field marshal. It is one of the 44 uniforms he possesses, and by amily tradition can only be worn in the field after a victory.

A London conjectionery store gives to very purchaser of a shilling's worth a cket entitling the purchaser to have one hotograph of herself taken at an establish-At Alexandria, Clark county, Mo. a fire roke out which the men found themselves nable to handle, but the women formed a lucket line, and through their efforts the ames were arrested.

American Ag Art Amateur.

Art Amateur.

Art Amateur.

Art Agateur.

Art Amateur.

Army&Navy.

Book Buyer.

Eanner Week

of the day daughter when at the age of 16.

A dog in Long Branch has developed a penchant for running to fires, and can not only discern the fire alarm, but knows whence the alarm is sent, and proceeds there at the top of his speed and in full cry.

The whole cost of the great Forth bridge is estimated at \$10,000,000, it has been calculated that the chief struts of the bridge would stand a thrust of more than 48,000 tons before showing signs of giving way.

A singular case of insanity is reported from Nebraska. A young man named Post was sunstruck about four years ago, and each winter since then he has become in-sane his mind righting with the return of Daniel Glock and his wife of Carondelet,

Mo., in celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary, also celebrated the 50th birthday of each and the birthday of each of their three children falls also upon the wedding Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Bogert own the Lenora Kan.) Record. They edit the paper, set the ype, print and mail it to their subscribers hemselves. Besides, they live on their themselves. Besides, they live on their claim six miles in the country, driving home every night.

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THE GLOBE NEWSPAPER Co.,

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies In other men, sleeping, but never dead, Shall rise in majesty to meet thine own.

-James Russell Lowell.

LET IN THE STRAUSS ORCHESTRA.

from Vienna. culty about that. STRAUSS consented to sympathy with the stage happenings that to the year. To furnish this comparatively come, but only on condition that he should one is entirely enwrapped and enthrailed. small protected industry with this amount bring his entire orchestra with him. It The really beautiful, poetical descriptions of work and wages 65,000,000 of people are has been led by him for years and years, of the Choragus, the much above common- now taxed 50 per cent. on all the pottery and he has got it into perfect training to place music, written in fine contra puntal ware used in their homes, and yet it is the play his lovely waltzes. A single green form, after the manner of Father Bach, apparent purpose of the Republican mahand introduced into that orchestra would well sung and well, though rather crudely, jority in Congress to give the trriff screw

And why can't STRAUSS bring his whole greatly affected and impressed, and tears 70 to 75 per cent. orchestra with him if he chooses? Well, unbidden flow in sympathetic response to our Uncle Samuel, represented at present the truthfulness of the depictions and the duties collected on china and earthenin the persons of B. Harrison of Indian- descriptions. But whenever Mayer, in his ware amounted to \$3,529,147.39, an aver- discipline and time for reflection, would be apolis and W. Windom of Windom, comes | chief role, holds the stage, it becomes as if | age rate of over 58 per cent. on the total to the front with his little contract labor the veil of reality had been rended and a dutiable value of the goods, which was law; because STRAUSS and his orchestra picture placed in its stead.

were engaged on the other side of the ocean. On the other hand, if one comes with a people paid more in duties than the whole It is true that "artists" are specially ex. reasonable amount of respect, considers, amount of the wages paid to all the pottery empted from the operations of the contract while approaching the festival, that it is ware workers in the country, as stated in labor law, but the wise and cultured heads | the work of a simple peasantry, and in- the last census reports. at Washington are not sure whether terests himself in it as a spectacle. a The advocates of such extortionately STRAUSS and all his orchestra are "artists." theatric or dramatic representation, then high duties as these on goods of universal Secretary Window has instructed Collector he will certainly pass the eight necessity claim that American pottery ERHARDT that he must take evidence in hours of the performance with a operatives are paid 100 per cent. higher the case of each individual in the company, surety of gaining a life-long satisfac- wages than those of England, a claim which executive elemency in Massachusetts have to show whether that individual is or is not tion, a fund for unlimited remem- is without doubt extravagant. But even if

Secondly, the dictionary says they are good seat at the performance. artists. The word covers every person skilled in the liberal arts, of which music is one. We have the authority of the playbills for saying that even the end-men in | There are said to be 40,000 railroad emvariety shows are "artists," and we suppose ployes in this State. Of this number 27,000 there is hardly a member of the Strauss are reported to be in the Steam Railroad orchestra who could not give points to the Men's Protective Union; how reliable that begins this week. Renew now average end-man in the matter of musical report is only the leaders of that organiza-

The great Austrian composer must think | President Harrison told the country in scribe now if you are not a that the American custom house is a mighty his last message that there were about 2000

TO NEW READERS.

Many who receive a copy of this issue will read THE WEEKLY GLOBE for the first time. Please read it carefully, bearing in mind that it is devoted exclusively to the falling from trains. What an appalling ntertainment of the home circle, particu- record of slaughter! Nearly three a week larly to the interests of women and children, in this State! About 440 a week throughand that it seeks to cultivate good morals out the country! The railroads seem to be and good taste in all directions, and to encourage right thinking and right living. Is it strange that such a dreadful record It is not a political or a news journal, it is a should impel the men whose lives are at weekly household magazine in which every stake to organize for self-protection? member of the family will regularly find | The Steam Railroad Men's Protective reading matter to please and benefit. It is the only publication of the kind in the employment in various ways; and its bill, United States at \$1 per year. We hope you and intelligence, is before the Legislature. will be pleased with this sample copy. You First, it would lessen the dangers from can subscribe of your postmaster.

PASSION PLAY AT OBER AMMERGAU.

answers naming the person the pleasant memories of a decade ago are blind from fatigue, sometimes compelled to nefarious specialties. They all possess a and giving a theory why the locking hands with the equally pleasant do two days' work in 24 hours, should not short sighted moral vision, which does not person committed the robbery anticipations of the coming summer. be entrusted with life and property, enable them to discern the moral relation While yet the fortunate persons who pro- Further, it would prevent PINKERTON'S between cause and effect. "The Dent in the Panel," all of their oft-quoted but seldom-seen shins be- them, from marching into this State to is hard has been proven as indubitably as world for a change, it is equally natural to have that there really may be after all which has been published, with fore the gracious open fire, it were well to shoot down its citizens at the beck of rail any proposition in geometry. Bank burthe exception of the last chap- bear in mind that, to comfortably attend | road attorneys. ter, which will appear March 8. this world-wide famous performance, one PINKERTON'S detectives, for the last few millions of stolen property, almost inevit-There are many living near must make a winter or, at latest, a spring years, at Chicago and at other places have ably reach the lowest depth of poverty who have not sent answers, but the Passion Play; since, like other grand country. Humiliating confession! Massacan enter for a prize if they productions. "seats must be secured chusetts can take care of herself. Her needs be men of unusual artistic skill and The prizes give a rare oppor- show how comparatively valueless is men to preserve the peace and protect their gotten gains and die as outcasts in prisons tunity to make money with a great wealth in obtaining superior lives and property. Our State has a militia or penitentiaries. Were it not for their tunity to make money with a advantages, a friend of the writer and himof citizen soldiery to call upon in the event moral and mental obliquity they would see self had the luxury of soft beds in of riots, or whenever reason and moral that their talents, legitimately and honestly \$100, the second is \$60, the the house of a brother of the burgomeister suasion fail of their mission and there is employed, would easily secure for them a third is \$40. Send for agents' of Ober Ammergau one Sunday night in need, which has not occurred since Shay's competency and respect in their old age. rates, which give a large com- 1880; while on the previous night the mil- rebellion, of putting down force by force. lionnairest millionnaire in America had to These are modest purposes and, though it be content with a "shake-down" on the may be years ere they fructify into legislafloor in the same house. Money could not tion, no one can gainsay their worthiness, purchase what toresight of early applica- for they tend to save life, which man can tion had secured. "So," as our theatrical destroy, but God only can create. They The Weekly Globe gives the advertisers advise, "apply early at the box tend to save it, it is true, by lessening divi-

Of two states of mind in which one had scarcely appreciable diminution. The total commission of a most beinous offence was better be when attending the presentation amount of damages for personal injuries remitted, may call in question in the pubof the Passion Play, it is perhaps difficult which was paid by all the railroads lie mind not only the wisdom of the action Agents' Rates. In the spare to choose. Suppose, for example, one in the State in 1883, an average year, of the Governor and Council in this case, hours between now and May attends with a devout respect and deep Judge Russell found by their reports to but also the wisdom of that provision of our you may be able to secure cash religious feeling, what may happen? equal only one half of one per cent. of system which vests the pardoning power in enough to pay all of your run- The visitor may - mind, it is said their gross receipts for operating them; the executive branch of the government. may - be shocked at what will be which sum could be repaid by adding three ning expenses. Others are doing it. Why not you? There's seen and heard. Joseph Mayer appears as Christ in the play. He is a marvellous adding but one mill and a half to each action of the Governor and Council in Sawmoney for everybody who se- man in some ways-one, in the possession ticket if this expense were assessed in due Tell's case. If Sawtell were a merc cures subscribers for The of a long-lasting youthful appearance. He proportion upon freight and passenger re- youth at the time when he committed the Weekly Globe. You can make enacted this same important role in 1870, ceipts. If the expense from such causes, so crimes of which he was convicted, and if \$1 a day easily, and without in 1871 (when the play was reproduced as a often held before our eyes as a bug-bear. during his 15 years of imprisonment he had thanksgiving for German victories in war), can be so easily paid, would the expense of in 1880, and is announced as the Christ of making the road-bed and freight cars half of his sentence would not have been employment. Send for New the coming presentations. Would the reasonably safe by removing specially an unreasonable or improvident exercise of Rates to Agents and Sample reader feel very devout if he or she were dangerous obstructions and by putting on the pardoning power. Copies. Address The Weekly told, as was the writer, on asking if necessary safe-guards be an appreciable Our opinions as to the degree of wisdom see if they were as good as they sounded or "MAYER would play Christ tomorrow." burden? by the burgomaster: "Oh, yes! He's On Thursday morning next there will be should not be controlled, nor even affected, The Philadelphia Farm Journal all right! He'll play the part if he does a hearing before the legislative committee seriously, by the fact that Sawtell has this was Sunday, too. But Mayer is a fine, ble and can be easily remedied, and the character. The officers of the prison and minutes on the back of the stove or range, honest wood-carver, and is as devout as his men who follow a calling "as dangerous as confreres. He simply does as the other peas- that of a soldier in time of war" ought to ants of Ober Ammergau do. Again, one can- show by their presence that they are alive not-if using any theatric perception-but be and in earnest. a little shocked in religious feeling at some of the paraphernalia-the stuffed clubs, for instance, used in breaking the limbs of the practical information for the farmer hanging thieves. Again, during the progress of the play, refreshments-beer, etc.

pit (the gallery, we would consider it, mark-

ence or disrespect; it is simply a state-

ment of facts, without comment.

CHARLES G. FALL.

THE TARIFF ON CROCKERY.

One of the articles of necessity in every household is crockery and earthen ware, the abolition of the system would extinguish -are peddled among the occupants of the and it is a matter, therefore, of general interest to note how the pending Republican ing the class by the place name). Now all tariff bill proposes to deal with this class of this is told with no intention of irrever- imports.

The Republican tariff act of 1883, ostensibly enacted to reduce duties, actually On the other hand, we must re increased the rate on plain china and member the absolute devotion of an earthen ware from 45 to 55 per cent., and entire village of 500 or more souls. on decorated china from 50 to 60 per cent. SATURDAY, MAR. 1, 1890. mother's breast to the tottering old man and are an unfair exaction levied upon the gage heart soul and body in this perform- bill now before Congress proposes to put ance, which they believe a religious and them still higher.

holy expression of their love for and belief | A duty of 60 per cent. is now proposed to in the Omnipotent. The majority of the be charged upon earthen, stone and crockperformers impress the spectator with their ery ware, such as is used by every family. deep and beautiful sincerity; the chorus Moreover, the old duties on packages and (that is, what we would call the "super- inland freights, which were abolished by numeraries"), the attendants, the principals | the act of 1883, and which were then held all engage in their weekly, semi-weekly or to be fully compensated for by the general administered judiciously. These are: tri-weekly (according to the extent of increase of duty on plain ware to 55 and on patronage) personations with an earnestness | decorated ware to 60 per cent., are now to the first is recognized as an actor, not as his | will be advanced to from 70 to 75 per cent., confreres, as embodiments, as far as in which will be a monstrous imposition.

them lies, of the parts they assume. Just | According to the census of 1880 the total Every lover of music in this country ulation of lower than being the character in the manufacture of stone and earthen would like to hear the great orchestra of for the nonce, is to be noted in him. Thus ware was less than 10,000, and their total the STRAUSSES, which is coming here it happens, I think, that up to the moment yearly earnings amounted to \$3,279,335, an when, upon the scene, the Saviour enters average of \$345.41 per year, or just about Is coming? Well, there's a little diffi- Jerusalem there is so close and keen a \$1.15 per day, counting 300 working days played, all these hold the mind intent, another turn and run the duties up to from

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, \$6,076,989.87. So that the American

to show whether that individual is or is not too have whether that individual is or is not too. A fund for unlimited remembrance and a marvellous knowledge of the STEAUSS orchestra comes up to the standard, says the secretary. "is a question of fact to be decided upon by the best evidence obtainable."

Whatever Secretary Windows's instructions, and if to this is added an interval of the end of

tions may be, THE GLOBE hereby instructs | tion of seeing the Passion Play as a rep- proposed increase of the existing rates on Collector Erhardt that the members of resentation, you have probably formed the the pottery ware used by the great body of the Strauss orchestra are all artists and best state of mind in which to make the the American people. The pottery dealers must be let in when they knock at the door journey. By all means, by all who can, let have set these facts clearly before Congress must be let in when they knock at the door of Uncle Sam's house. We make this dethe visit to this beautiful village be made in a petition presented a fortnight ago by Phileas Fogg was a slow moving ox-team
"A plant?" cision on two impregnable grounds. First, on some day between the months of May | Senator Hoan, and they ought to have | compared with Citizen Train. Jules

nonsense about letting them land; therefore immediate securing of the necessary docu- packages and inland freights are to be re- worthy to be his duplicate. they must be artists in order to clear the law. ments to ensure a pleasant lodging and a stored, then it is simple justice to restore at per cent. on china, which were in force up to 1883.

FCOD OF OUR FIRST CIRCLES.

DEATHS ON THE RAIL.

tion can tell.

itself.

Mr. Eugene Field writes that at a lunch given recently by Mr. J. R. Osgood at the corned beef hash.

This was a beautifully symbolical repast for a company of Americans in a foreign land. employes killed and 20,000 injured during the year ending June 30, 1888; and the railsality of our great nation.

roads of this State report that during the Yet the topmost cream of American civil-10 years, from 1879 to 1888, inclusive, 564 ization was not typified at that dinner. men were killed and 1775 injured, making The absence of the succulent Boston bean | zil a total of 2339, of which 815 accidents ocshows that the superior culture of the Hub curred in the coupling of cars and 503 by was not represented. EUGENE FIELD, though he is the renowned author of "A Little Peach. in the Garden Grew," should not attempt to | The new postal card is a very flimsy and make the gullible Londoners believe that sleazy affair. Mr. WANAMAKER should supcorned beef hash is the dish of the selectest ply the patrons of the post office departalmost as destructive of life and limb as war circles of our American gentry.

As long as the gilded dome shines upon so long shall our favorite Boston dish continue the typical food of the best American Union seeks to lessen the dangers of this

THE IMBECILITY OF CRIMINALS.

The marked imbecility, combined, it is crude in some respects, but alive with heart true, with a certain coarse cunning which characterized the methods of Isaac Saw- his own subjects dare to tell him. TELL in trying to conceal his crime, serves over-head bridges and obstructions on the sides of the tracks which sweep them from | to strengthen the impression that the prothe train. Second, it would compel the rail- fessional criminal is a weak minded and ill roads to employ men enough to safely man- balanced man. There is an element of idiocy They have discovered that good intentions. The year of the Passion Play at Ober age their trains. Next it would lessen the in all crooks, however shrewd or cun- in the eyes of an unsentimental judge, do Ammergau has again rolled around, and hours of labor, so that men dazed and half. ning they may be in the prosecution of their not excuse lawlessness.

pose a European tour this year are toasting | Hessians, 40,000 strong, or any part of | That the way of the criminal transgressor glars, who have held in their possession application for places at a presentation of been the active standing army of the and die in confinement and disgrace. Exin advance." As an instance to citizens need to import no Winchester rifle- cleverness, almost invariably lose their ill-

The most cunning shrewdness of the criminal is, after all, akin to idiocy. The fool and the criminal are twins.

THE USE OF THE PARDONING FOWER. close upon his pardon, by which one-half of dends, if necessary, upon stock, but by a the sentence imposed upon him for the

As I have not any accurate information. behaved himself well, the remission of one-

exercised by the Governor and Council acting upon the evidence before them. Every exercise of the pardoning power involves a risk, but its abolition would be only less than a public calamity.

The fact that a criminal may secure a pardon by continuous good behavior is a most efficient aid to prison discipline, and the spirit and the hope of reformation in prisoners who otherwise might become decent and safe, if not respected members of society. The system by which the period of imprisonment is lessened as a reward for good behavior is only another form of the pardoning power. A shrewd criminal may behave himself well and then secure a remission of a part of his sentence, and with the single purpose of entering at an earlier moment upon a new career of crime. The same policy may be adopted as a way of securing executive elemency.

These are the possible evils, but in a public sense they are evils of less importance than the evils that would follow the abolition of the pardoning power.

There are classes of cases, however, which

Third of a cup of stale bread crumbs in one-third of a cup of stale behave himself well and then secure a re-Each and all, from the babe at its These duties are excessive and burdensome, the single purpose of entering at an earlier awaiting the embrace of mother earth, engreat body of the people. Yet the tariff same policy may, be adopted as a way of

are not within the scope of the exercise of the pardoning power, when that power is

(1). Professional criminals. There are classes of criminals who are bound together impossible to surpass. It is true to even an be restored. If this is done, the tariff rates for co-operation in criminal acts and for untrained eye, Joseph Mayer almost from on these necessary articles of domestic use mutual protection. They are engaged, usually, in large undertakings, which require skill, genius, time and money. They can never be the subjects, properly, of exthat nameless something which makes sim- number of persons employed in this country ecutive elemency, and it may be assumed, combinations will be scrupulous in their Sbedience of prison rules and discipline.

(2). Persons who have been twice con victed of criminal acts. The reformation of such criminals is so unusual that no clemency should be extended to them. With them freedom means more crime. (3). Persons who have been guilty of criminal doings for which arrangements

and preparations were made. (4). Persons in whom criminal acts are the result of a species of mania or of congenital tendencies.

Outside of these classes there are many inmates of prisons, who, after a period of safe and in many instances they would be useful members of society. Children and youth are often lured by professional criminals, or misled by evil examples, or evercome by a sudden temptation. To all such an opportunity should be given for a life of good conduct with something of the stain removed by the exercise of the pardoning power.

There will be mistakes, but many more than a majority of those who have enjoyed

speedy recovery of the greatest living Eng-

lish poet. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is about to start

the American people want to hear these and October of the current year, and commusicians and don't want any inhospitable fort will result from an early decision and increase of duties. If the old duties on discursive fancy, never bodied forth a hero

JOHN JACOB ASTOR left behind him \$150, The same time the old rates of 40 per cent. O00,000. Though no man ever impugned on whited and printed earthenware, and 50 Mr. Agron's honesty, there can be no doubt that this vast sum is more than any man, or family, ever earned. It is this fact that creates the sentiment that is constantly growing against the accumulation of tremendous fortunes by single individuals.

New York is a city entirely unfit for a de Century Club, London, the chief dish was cent, respectable man to choose as a place of residence. We learn this from Chicago papers. Chicago is a city completely given up to wind, pretension and flapdoodleism. We learn this from the New York papers. What other dish could so well typify the After the world's fair question has been set composite comprehensiveness and univer- tled will these two great cities love each other better?

> Dom PEDRO is said to be very hopeful of some time regaining his lost throne in Bra-When civilization executes a co march, and revolutions fall into the habit of going backward, the exiled monarch may possibly regain his lost crown.

ment with better goods.

A Siberian Exile Association, which was our State House like an inverted bean pot, recently formed in Philadelphia as the out come of a lecture by George Kennan, has presented a petition to the Czar imploring him personally to look into the horrible workings of the Siberian exile system for himself. Similar petitions are to be circulated throughout the country, and it looks as if the Czar would find out what American citizens think of him, even if none of

> The Missouri women who disorganized themselves into a mob and attacked a liquor saloon have each been fined \$5 and costs.

> The Saturday Evening Gazette, commenting on the Siberian horrors, says: It s not unnatural to feel very passionately on such a subject, and seeing that there does hope that there really may be, after all, some physical hell in the next world, with plenty of Czars and Siberian governors to feed the flames.

THE FALLING OF THRONES.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Independent.] ove the din of Commerce, above the clamor and

Of Labor disputing with Riches, of Anarchists' threats and groans,
Above the hurry and bustle and moan of that bloodless battle

Where men are fighting for dollars, I hear the * falling of Thrones. see no savage host, I hear no martial dramming, But down in the dust at our feet lie the useless

crowns of Kings,
And the mighty spirit of Progress, is steadily com-And the flag of our Republic abroad to the world

The Universal Republic where worth and birth is Where the lowliest born may climb on a self-made

ladder to fame, Where the highest and proudest born, if he be not true and loyal, Shall find no masking title to cover or gild his

Not with the bellow of guns, and not with sabers' But with growing minds of men, is waged this

swordless fray.

While over the dim horizon the sun of royalty Lights with a dying splendor the humblest toiler's

LENTEN DISHES.

Egg Salad, Egg Timbals and Omelette He Got the Deer and Lost His Gun-Two Souffle. Old Marksmen Put Two Bullets in The cooking of eggs was the topic of the One Hole. third and last of the lectures on Lenten cooking given by Mrs. Greene. CLIFTON, Penn., Feb. 9.-A stranger

A number of new ways of cook ing eggs were described, and after the dishes were cooked the class tasted them to looked.

To Boll Eggs.

Charles. Both are capital hunters and The best way to cook eggs which are to be sionally loses his nerve when he sees a dee minutes on the back of the stove or range, where they will keep hot without boiling. When broken they will be found to be iellied and not bardened all through.

If it is desired to have the eggs hard the Governor and Council were justified in where they will keep hot without boiling.

James never gets excited on a bunt, and the fact that Charles frequently does has been a source of great annoyance to his older brother, who has tried in various ways to cure Charles of his nervousness when game comes in sight. Early in December James told Charles that he was going to give him a chance io redeem himself in the woods. So they went down into the edge of Carbon county after deer, Charles promising to brace up and not get all of a tremble if he should happen to get a shot at a fine buck or doe. boiled, as is necessary sometimes when the eggs are to be used in combination with other materials, as in "Scotch eggs," given pelow, put them into boiling water and let them stand, covered, for half an hour. Shirred Eggs. Into small saucepans, which come for the purpose or into saucers, put a bit of butter and a little chopped ham, if you have it, buck or doe.

When they reached the hunting grounds,
James gave Charles his Winchester rifle,
placed him on a runaway close to a creek,
and strode to the top of a mountain to scare

break an egg over it and season with a bit of butter and a dash of salt and pepper. Set to the even and bake. Simple, but very Scotch Eggs.

Take one cup lean, cooked ham, chopped very fine, six hard-boiled eggs. Cook one third of a cup of stale bread crumbs in one-

Egg Salad. Take six hard boiled eggs, cut them in

James yelled.
And it wasn't anywhere in sight. It was in the bottom of the stream, where Charles in his excitement had unconsciously thrown it when he rushed in after the Take six hard boiled eggs, cut them in halves across, and remove the yolks. Put the yolks into a bowl, mash well and season to taste with melted butter, cayenne, mustard, vinegar and chopped parsiey. Chop or shred the best part of a w ite cabbage and season with pepper, salt and vinegar. Stand up in the cabbage the whites of the eggs which have been filled, like cups, with the mixture made of the seasoned yolks, Garaish all with parsley. Stuffed Eggs

are made fike the above, by removing, seasoning and replacing the yolks, and pouras a general fact, that the members of such | ing around all in the platter a white sauce. Egg Timbals (Miss Parloa).

For six persons take six eggs; break them into a bowl and beat well with a fork. Add into a bowl and beat well with a tork. Add a half teaspoonful of salt, one of chopped parsley, a saltspoonful of pepper, a fourth of a teaspoonful of onion juice, and last of all a cup and a half of milk.

Butter eight medium-sized timbal moulds and pour the mixture in. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes, having them standing during the process in a pan of water. Turn out on a hot platter and pour around them one cup of tomato sauce.

during the process in a pan of water. Turn out on a hot platter and nour around them one cup of tomato sauce.

For the tomato sauce cook together a scant tablespoonful of flour and an even tablespoonful of butter, till smooth. Add a half teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, a few drops of onion juice, and a cupful of cooked and strained tomato. Garnish with parsley.

This is a very attractive looking dish, and tastes as well as it looks.

(New York Sun.)

"A plant?"
"Yes. A Knight Blooming Serious."

in the bottom of the stream, where Charles in his excitement had unconsciously thrown it when he rushed in after the wounded doe.

The major and the captain have long been rivals with the rifle in this neighborhood. One day in the fall they shot at pigeons for a can of gunpowder. The first one that failed to knock a pigeon's head off was to pay for the powder, and at it they went. They shot nine time apiece without a miss, but the major slipped up on the tenth bird, and the captain shot his tenth pigeon's head off and won the powder.

Before the week ended the major and the captain tried their marksmanship on a natural white round spot on a distant beech tree. The captain put a builtet almost in the centre of the spot, and then the major banged away. When they tramped over and looked at the white spot there was only one bullet in it, and the captain yelled:

"You missed the tree altogether, major. I didn't think you'd do that."

"Guess I didn't miss the tree, cap. Guess my bullet went in the same hole yours did," said the major.

"Bet you slo you didn't hit the tree at all, major!" the captain yelled.

"I'll cover that bet. Cap." said the major, and the money was but up at once. Then one of the spectators ran to the house for an axe, and when he returned a chip six inches thick was quickly chopped out of the tree and split in two on a line with the bullet hole. There lay the two bullets as snugly as a pair of kittens on a carpet, and the ma or danced a jig on top of a big stump, he felt so good over beating the captain.

One summer the major had a fine piece of the captain. Omelette Souffie. (A dessert dish.) One summer the major had a fine piece of Add to the yolks of three eggs well beaten corn. The hogs belonging to one of his neighbors kept breaking into the fields and four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the juice and rind of half a lemon. Beat

the whites of six eggs to the suffest possible froth. Have the yolks in a deep bowl, pour the beaten whites into them, and cut and fold the two together as lightly as possible. Have a small oval baking or pudding dish well buttered. Put in the bottom a layer of strawberry jam, pour the omelette over it and bake in a moderate over for 15 or 20 minutes.

neighbors kept breaking into the fields and raising havoc with the corn. and the major finally sent one of his sons down to the owner of the hogs with the request that he should keep his destructive creatures on his own premises in the future.

"My hogs am't been in your cornfield once" the farmer declared to the boy, and the declaration was delivered to the major.

"All right," said the major, "the next time his hogs get in my corn l'll mark 'em so that he'll know 'em as long as they live."

On the following day the hogs broke into the cornfield again, and the major sallied forth with his ride and put bullet holes through the ears of eight of them. In a day or so the boy went down to the farmer's place and found that the farmer had his hogs' ears plastered with tar. After that he kept his hogs at home. yen for 15 or 20 minutes.

Serve immediately; do not let it stand a ninute.

Beat the whites of the eggs with a wire at the whites of the eggs with a wire The Way It Goes.

"Well friend of other days, how are you. and how is the law? And what has become

of that good boy. John, who used to dust out the corner of your office so carefully. And what has become of that bad boy, Jim. who used to skip the corner entirely, asked the visitor, as he sauntered in after an absence of 20 years.

"Hem!" began the lawyer, clearing his "Sir John is so solemn he reminds me of a

EYES ON CHEROKEE STRIP.

Method.

Four Years at a Time.

Councilmen Biennial and Paid Well-

Six Cabinet Officers.

The Parker Memorial Science class list-

ened last Sunday to an address of C.

no Chief Justice Marshall to boast of,

men have taken possession of municipal business. Another drawback is the attempt

en prevented

department of charity and correction

TAKEN WITH BUCK FEVER.

[New York Tribune.]

doesn't have to remain in this hunting re-gion very long before the natives tell him

ome interesting stories about shooting.

Over in the Beech woods live two hardy

prothers, who may be called James and

bounding along a runway. The consequence

up the deer. Inside of two hours a fat doe tore dow

said.
"No, it don't! It ain't anywhere in sight!"

Ernst of the mayor's office

Mayor and Twenty - five Aldermen, Rush for Oklahoma to be Duplicated-Selecting Sites in Forbidden Land-Colored People Ready to Migrate.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 23.-The wild and exciting scenes of last March and April and the rush to the borders of a forbidden land are to be repeated. Senator J. W. Forney of Belle Plaine, Sumner county, Kan., was in the city yesterday, and from him the information was obtained that in anticipation of the President's proclamation issued last Tuesday the counties on the border of "City Government." He said: Municithe Cherokee strip begin to show an in-pal government has no Hamilton, creased population. As is well known the "strip" comprises the finest part of Indian the result being that second and third rate Territory, being well watered and timbered,

Territory, being well watered and timbered, with a soil unequalled on earth, every acre being tillable. The wave which flowed into Oklahoma was but a ripple on the glassy surface of a sheltered lake when compared with the wave that will pour into the "strip" when opened.

The peculiar wording of the proclamation warning the cattle owners to remove their cattle before Oct. 1 causes many to believe that negotiations will be ended by June 1, and that the "strip" will soon thereafter be formally opened. The counties of Cowley, Sumner. Barber, Harper and Comanche have already large accessions to their population. The cities and villages are rapidly filling up with people from a distance, while camps begin to appear in sheltered nooks and watered valleys. From these points excursions are made down into the "strip," ostensibly hunting cattle or game, but in reality to select sites for homesteads when President Harrison gives the signal for them to enter. The town site speculator is also on hand, and -already more than two score towns have been located, in imagination, which imagination will become reality within five hours from the time the proclamation is issued.

There a disposition all along the border to respect the rights, of to govern cities on the same plan as a New England town. This attempt has led to government by City Council committees, the least responsible and the most incompetent government the wit of man could petent government the wit of man could invent.

The true model to follow is the government of the United States. Draw a sharp line between your City Council and your executive. Let the City Council consist of two chambers both numerous, say 25 aldermen for Boston and 150 members of the Common Council, and, pay the members a liberal salary, but confine them to legislative work. The executive power should vest in the mayor, to be exercised through six or seven heads of departments who ought to come and go with the mayor. Elect your mayor and aldermen for four years, the Common Council for two years. The many departments in Boston should be consolidated to six or seven, business to be onsolidated to six or seven, business to be istributed among them on well-defined Each department would consist of several bureaus, the heads of which ought to be appointed during good behavior, while the office force and the servants of the bureaus

There a disposition all along the border to respect the rights, or the supposed rights, of respect the rights, or the supposed rights, of those who prematurely locate their claims and town sites. This disposition has caused the belief that there is an organization formed for the purpose of invasion. This, however, is hardly the case. The purpose is to protect each other against late claimappointed during good behavior, while the office force and the servants of the bureaus should come without exception from the civil service commissioners. Between the bureaus a sharp line should be drawn, to prevent overlapping and waste. The department of finance would include assessing, collecting, auditing, paying out and debt management, as now. The department of instruction would comprise the bureau of schools, of libraries, archives and files, of printing and distributing city documents; of registering births, marriages, divorces, voters and deaths, and of appointing election officers and counting ballots. The department of justice would do its present work, besides settling claims, contested election; and civil service cases, the latter precisely as our railroad commissioners determine railroad cases. The department of police and tire should grant all licenses, appoint constables, inspect building materials and buildings, regulate weights and measures, prevent fires and put out such as have not been prevented. ants, or against those who come at the last hour. It is estimated that fully 1000 claims hour. It is estimated that fully 1000 claims have been examined and marked, the property rights to which will be respected and defended if necessary.

Nor is this the full extent of the preparations. In Oklahoma there are today thousands of colored people ready to cross the line northward, and they, too, have selected their claims. Many quarter sections in that territory have as many as five families will cross the line and be comfortably located long before the head of the column comes in sight from the north. These will be reinforced by thousands of others from Arkansas and Mississippi.

Orders to Eject Boomers. KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 23 .- A special to the Times from Tahlequah, I. T., says: The result of the President's order to the Cherokee Strip Cattle Company to vacate the strip on or before October, 1890, has been

The department of charity and correction would be a consolidation of the overseers of the poor and the public institutions so called. But hospitals should be a separate bureau in the department of health, which would comprise a large bureau of food inspection; other bureaus would take care of undertakers and cemeteries, of druggists and doctors (if we ever get there) and of whatsoever may reduce our excessive mortality. The department of public works, finally, should take care of our water supply and sewers; another bureau would lay out, pave, light and sweep the streets; another bureau would build and repair our public buildings and bridges; another would manage the parks and other public grounds, especially the Common and Public Garden; and a special bureau would he needed for electric wires and machinery. Boston will shortly have 10.000 names on its cay-roll, and no man, no commission will be able to manage the whole. Lastyear the mayor appointed more than 4000 officers, which its sold found that has a grievance.

The TAKEN WITH DIMON FEVED to attract the boomers in the strip.

J. G. Blair, secretary of the cattle company, has informed Chief Maye that a number of boomers have settled in the strip on Bear Creek, and are preparing to take up permanent residence there. The chief has ordered the Cherokee police to each them. Other portions of the strip are Other portions of the strip are attracting anxious settlers.

The Epic of McGinty. [From the Wasp.]

low long McGinty lay at the bottom of the say. Poor Dan could not remember very well aid, swimming round, Dan McGinty's

body found, Which in its Sunday suit looked very swell. she smiled behind her fan, and she fell in love with

And she eyed him with her most bewitching smiles on her fin she hoisted him, through the opean she did swim To her lovely home among the coral isles.

Chorus. own went McGinty to the bottom of a cave, And she gently laid his head on a pearl and crysta

And she fondled him, that happily she his preciou

life might save,

Dressed in his best suit of clothes. OF THE REVIVAL OF THE CORPSE She tried everything in vain, to bring him back to life again,
Till at last she thought about a keg of beer

marksmen, but Charles, the younger, occa- Which had washed in from the wreck of a passing o she set the keg afloat, poured the contents dow

his throat, And McGinty gently opened both his eyes. And he gazed around in wonder and surprise.

Chorus.
Up stood McGinty and pulled down his Sunday vest. no more was best,

And it broke his heart to see the termination of he waist, Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

117. OF THE MERMAID'S CAVE. Of the blandishments she made and the graces she

displayed,
To induce McGinty to remain perchance, of each amorous tone and look, they would fill a goodly book, Quite as interesting as a French romance.

e showed him her palace home, with its alabaste While new splendors on his wondering visio And if he would but remain, he should undisputed

Inside of two hours a fat doe tore down the mountain side, and struck into the creek within a few yards of where Charles was waiting for a shot. He blazed away at her and broke her down, and then he dashed into the stream, cut the doe's throat, and hauled her to the shore.

It required some tugging, for there were many limbs and logs in the way, and the proud young hunter sat on the log and rested. Presently James, who had heard the shot, came running down the hill to see what luck Charles had had.

"I've got her this time as sure as you live!" Charles sang out.

"I see you have," said James, "but where's the gun?"

"It stands there by the stump," Charles said.
""A it don't! It ain't anywhere in sight!" As Emperor McGinty, Dan the First. own went McGinty, as she led him round and round, But in spite of what she'd say, he still longed to go

Where the girls could dress in bloomers and could walk on sold ground, Dressed in their best suit of clothes. IV. OF M'GINTY'S ESCAPE.

McGinty made up his mind he'd leave that mermaio far behind, Though he knew that it would wreck her happi-

o, to advertise his wants, he cut up his Sunday pants, And he hoisted up his signal of distress. nd at last he spied a sail bearing down upon th

gale; They thought he was the remnant of a wreck; and that little mermaid fair tore her bosom and her As they bore McGinty safely to the deck.

And a wondrous tale he told to the sailors in the And they never slacked a sail till he got to Jerse;

Dressed in his best suit of clothes. HIS RESTORATION TO THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

Now it happened the first man whom he met was Pat McCann, Who looked as scared as though he saw a glost, But McGinty told his tale, o'er a mug of Murphy's Then he borrowed fifty cents, and for home Me

Ginty went,
Where he found Cordelia waiting by the door. And of course they'd much to tell, as on each other neck they fell, And the baby Dan had never seen before.

Chorus.

Down sat McGinty to a feast of cake and wine,
And she said they lied that day, when they said she'd run away. And you'll see them out parading every Sunday now

at nine, Dressed in their best suit of clothes.

[Washington Post.] "Driver," said a portly gentleman as he crawled inside the conveyance, "can you rive me to the corner of 11th and J streets?

'Can I drive you there?" "That's what I said." "My dear sir. I wouldn't be quilty of such an attempt even if I had any suspicion that it would meet with success. It will, however give me great pleasure to drive the horse to whatever point you may select and stop the vehicle promptly upon its arrival."

To Help Her Case. [Terre Haute Express,]
Miss Playne—I wonder if I could recover

We have a bylaw which reads as follows: "A motion to repeal, suspend or amend these bylaws, or

uspend the section before spoken of until June 31, 1890, and substitute a section which reads, "The fees for admission shall be \$20." If a motion to amend the amendment is put and carried, changing the fee to \$15, has it got to be considered a new question and lie on the table two weeks before it can be Again, supposing that the amendment has been

Again, supposing that the amendment has been carried making the fees \$20 and suspending the original section until June 31, 1890, a member, after seeing that the amendment is carried, makes an amendment that the fees for admission be \$85. Is the original section within the reach of the lodge before June 31, except by a reconsideration? Having world to suspend the original section until June ing voted to suspend the original section until June 31, and adopted a new section for that time, is ar

As to first question should say no. Second, no further action can be had without first reconsidering the vote making \$20 the fee.

you stealing apples out of the barrel? Hired boy-Yes, parson: I own up. you steal you commit a hemous sin? More

any damages if I were to sue him for breach of promise?

Miss Flyppe—You might, possibly, if you should wear a heavy veil all through the trial.

By getting your friends and neighbors to subscribe to The Globe. If you cannot get subscribers yourself, your wife, son or daughter and so in their leisure hours, and earn an honest penny. The Globe gives the largest co. mission ever paid on a dollar weekly.



to the Editor of The Globe.

oiled eggs. Can you or any of your nu readers inform me what to do after the egg is boiled enable me to take off the shell without the white f the egg adhering to it?

How to Shell Hard-Boiled Eggs.

Not Measured That Way. (1.) What is the highest known number of words

(ordinary type) set in one hour by a typesetter?
(2.) The average number of words set in one hour, in both ordinary and displayed type? A CONSTANT READER.

1. The number of "words" set by a compositor in a given time has never been calculated in a public trial, as type is measured in this country by ems. As the several foundries cast the same "faced" type to a different body, which makes a material differ ence in the rapidity of composition, it would be a hard matter to determine and strike an average. 2. The only way to get at it would be to have a compositor "set up" what he could in an hour of each kind of type and then count the words. Even then the result would be unsatisfactory, for the rea-

To the Editor of The Globe:

In answer to the inquiry of "C." I would say that I have for years carried hard-boiled eggs for lunch, and have no trouble with the shell sticking. As into cold water. The sudden chill shrinks the white or meat of the egg, causing it to leave the

Must Wait Until She is 21.

sons given above. - [Ep.

A lady dies, whose life was insured, and the mount insured for was left in trust to a daughter; 17 years old, for her support. If daughter marries by consent of guardian can party who holds money be made to pay over the insurance money after the laughter is married, or will she have to wait until she is of age to get it?

Who Represents the Company? I wrote you a few weeks ago asking decision or uestion which came out in "People's Column" er head "Partners' Liability." This is not de or to the point. Will you please insert same again Brown & Co. are a firm doing business. It is not known who represents the firm. Can same be found out, and in what ways, legal or otherwise? If the firm fails can it be found out then, and in what way? Please insert in "People's Column" not later than Thursday.

ivulge names of partners, unless you bring suit gainst them. They are not obliged to gratify the uriosity of others. As I said last week, it is very robable if you have a claim against them and sue the known partner, he will disclose the names of others interested, if any. If a firm fails and has to settle through insolvency or composition, the names would appear in the court proceedings.

If I agree with my employer to allow him to retain a portion of my wages on each pay day during a season, can I collect back pay if discharged before the end of the season?

Think You Can.

Who is Responsible? A secures employment from B to solicit advertise nents. A contracts verbally with C for an "ad. the understanding being that C should deliver goods to A which would amount to cost of "ad." C has delivered goods as agreed, but no settlement has been made to B for the "ad" inserted. Who is responsible for its payment, A or C?

If A was not authorized to collect pay for advertisements then C is still responsible, but if A had authority to collect, then B is responsible.

Jones Can Sue Maker. Smith gives his note to Brown in payment of a

debt. Brown indorses the note and turns it over to Jones. who also indorses it and gets it discounted at his bank. When the note matures it is protested and Jones has to make the amount good at the bank.
Jones does not wish to hold Brown, as they are friends. Can Jones bring suit against Smith, the maker of the note, and make him settle, or is it necessary for Jones to sue Brown first, and he in turn bring suit against Smith? In other words, can Jones have his choice and sue the maker or indorser, as he sees fit?

Write Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. Is there any way a man may find out whether his patent has been applied for? My husband gave a patent of his to a lawyer and paid him \$15 at the time, Oct. 28, 1889. Since then the lawyer gives

him no satisfaction, and my husband fears the law-yer has not made an application. MRS. M. E. Ga I have a lot of land with house. Can the owner of adjoining lot legally claim the land after a series

Interest Due Last Day of Each Month Principal Due May 31.

On the 31st day of January, 1890, A gives his personal note to B for \$500, at four months, interest payable monthly. At what date of each month is the interest due, and what date is the principal

If a young woman has been away from her home n the country several years, earning her own living,

but finally returning home to have her marriage ceremony performed, leaving immediately after for a home in Malden, the husband having lived in Boston all his life, gives Boston as the residence of his wife to be, is it in every way legal?

It is the Custom for the Borrower to Pay. A asks B for loan of money, offering mortgage on real estate as security. B has search made of validity of title to property without saying anything to A about it. Should A pay the cost of this search under the circumstances?

No. Sir. If a man having been tried for murder is acquitted, can he ever be tried again for the crime, supposing sufficient evidence is obtained showing without a doubt that he committed it?

Please inform me if a party sues for a divorce and the other party does not appear at trial, can party No. 1 get the divorce, and if so, how long before party No. 2 is eligible to marry again?

6. L. B. The court hears the case just the same as if the other party appeared, and if evidence will not war-

About Divorces.

rant divorce, it is not granted; if divorce is granted, adverse party cannot marry for two years. Points of Order.

any part thereof, must lie on the table two weeks. We also have a section of the bylaws which reads: "The fees for admission shall be \$25." A motion is made, and lays on the table the required time, to

amendment in order which changes the section adopted?

Not the Same Party.

Pastor (to hired boy)--So I have caught

over, there is a being who sees all that we do, before whom even I bow my head with fear and trembling. Do you know who mean?"
"Your wife, I suppose."

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY



Judge - Do you fully understand the nature of an oath?

Judge - Will you please answer my question as to your understanding the nature of an oath?

Witness - If you please a large of an oath?

Witness - If you please a large of an oath? All Editors Know How to Swear. itness—If you please, I am an affidavit

Ready to Poker Little Fun at Her. "My dear," said Mrs. Jones, struggling with a pot of jam at the dimer table the other day, "see if you can open this pot."
"Not with my luck," murmured Mr. Jones, who had been sitting up the night before with a sick friend, "I'll pass it bind," and he sighed de ectedly behind his newspaper.

Then They're Worth About Ten Cents.

The Boston Globe thinks a man shouldn't be ridiculed for bringing a suit for \$10.000 for the alienation of his wife's affections. It asks: "Aren't a wife's affections worth \$10,000?" They are—provided they cannot be alienated by another man.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

Mamma (looking up from her novel)—
Jane, what ails Freddy now?

Jane—He's crying for the moon, mamma,
Mamma (absorbed in her reading)—O,
well, let the dear have it.

Arabella Should Mend Her Ways.

[Washington Post.]
"Oh, dear." said Arabella, who was looking through her wardrobe, "the moths have eaten a hole in my bathing suit."
"Maybe you can mend it," suggested her brother.
"Mend a bathing suit!" she exclaimed, contemptuously. "That shows how much men know. Why, it never would fit me again in the world."

Willing to Give it a Fair Trial. [Chicago Heraid.]
If marriage is a failure why do widows now and When through with one disaster set about to fail again?

And widowers whose married lives were full of bleak distress
Wed just as often as they can, if 'tisn't a success?

Birdlets in Their Nest Agree.

Mr. Tim Iddity—What do you call this stuff, I want to know?
Western tavernkeeper (bulling his "gun")—I call the coffee. What in blank do you call it. pardner? it, pardner? Mr. Tim Iddity—Coffee.

Especially When He is at Home.

[Lowell Mail.]

Maline—Nostick is a regular atheist. He denies all forms of religious belief, and scofis at the infallibility of the pope.

Sneerwell—Does he, indeed? Well. you can bet your hat he believes firmly in the infallibility of his wife.

Something She Cannot Understand. [Wilkie Collins.] In a man's hands silence is the most terrible of all protests to the woman who loves him. Violence she can endure. Words she is always ready to meet with words on her side. But silence conquers her.

The Editor Isn't Trying.

Five dollars have been left with the editor of the Gazette to be given as a reward to any one who can find in the Bible an express command to baptize infants, and an unmistakable instance in which an infant was bentized.

Or One Who Wants to Be.

Little Miss Fanny—I say, Bob, can you tell me what a widower is?

Master Bob, aged 8—Don't know, Fanny, unless it's the husband of a widow.

Easier Than Getting Her Husband Up. Mrs. Larkin (meditatively)—I wonder what is woman's great work?
Larkin (a brute)—Woman's grate work is to get up in the morning and build the fires.

Or Spend so Much Time Whittling.

Female reporter—I seem to use twice as many pencils as you.
Reporter—Well, you must remember I don't underscore every second word.

Most Men Don't Need to be Led. [Lawrence American.]
Many a man who prays that he may not be let into temptation would be greatly disappointed if his prayer was granted.

George Washington Couldn't Do It. [Milwaukee Journal.] It takes superhuman strength to carry a small load of whiskey without the world knowing that it is a burden.

Does Phillips Mean the Better Half?

No true man can live a half life when he has genuinely learned that it is only a half life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him. They Can, But It Takes Time.

[Atchison Globe. 1 If the old would become friendly with the young, they must become young; the young cannot become old.

He Always Thinks He Is Right. [Atchison Globe.] thought today, is either very right, or very stubborn.

A Definition Better Than Its Grammar. (Atchison Globe.)

A philosopher is a man who don't want the things he can't have.

Betraying Family Secrets.

[Binghamton Republican.] Spriggins says his wife is so short that she has to stand on a chair to reach the top of her head.

WHY EVERYBODY LAUGHED.

The Adventure of a Young Newspaper Man and Proud Father.

[Philadelphia North American.] A certain young newspaper man, who toils for his ducats not far from the North American office, recently became the proud father of the handsomest baby in the world. (He says it's the handsomest, and he ought to know.) Last Saturday was his he ought to know.) Last Saturday was his day off, and he and his wife thought they would give the town a treat by taking the baby out and exhibiting it to the admiring multitude. They made two short calls on friends, and the lady concluded to do some shopping, too, while she was out. The baby is a fine, healthy youngster, and after a while it began to get heavy. Hubby had been carrying it, and to relieve him and allow him to stretch his cramped arms the young mother took a turn with it. Before long the procious load, and after that they took turn about in carrying it. Then a brilliant thought struck the father. Why not buy a baby coach? They needed one anyhow, and might as well buy it while they were out and wheel tootsy-wootsy home in comfort. To think was to act, and in a little while the fond parents were pushing a gorgeous coach down Chestnut street, with the hope, expressed by the father, that some of the boys on the other papers could see the finest baby they ever laid their eyes upom. At first they were oblivious to everything but flow well the baby looked in the Coach, but hubby finally began to notice that beople coming towards them seemed to see something funny. He could not understand what it all meant, and concluded to investigate.

"You wheel' the coach while I go ahead." You wheel' the coach wile I go ahead. They made the post of the province in the coach but it all meant, and concluded to investigate.

"You wheel' the coach while I go ahead." You wheel' the coach wile I go ahead. They made the coach while I go ahead. They made the coach wile I go ahead. They made the coach wile I go ahead. The was a first and the top of the fire, the housewise an ideal cooking or baking of coal on the top of the fire, will give the housewise an ideal cooking or baking of coal on the top of the fire.

A Euried Forest.

A Euried Forest.

(Evening Wisconsin.]

Well diggers on the Crowley place at Little Prairie continue to find further indications of a buried forest. The cedar or pine found at a depth of 35 feet app day off, and he and his wife thought they

the coach, then turned, gave a glance, and with a feeling that beat sea sickness and the grippe combined ciutched a lamp-post There in front of the coach was the placard which the careless dealer had forgotten to take off marked in big black letters, "Our own make."

Of Leading Statesmen and

HER HEROISM:

BY THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

I was returning home after my day's work n the telegraph office at Deering, where I 'Any messages today?" my wife asked.

"One from D-, from John Martin, I "The biggest ruffian in Deering." she ex-"what did he want? What was

'Midnight train." "That all "Yes. Mr. Hill has just been here. There is bringing his mining knowledge to bear is a huge rock across the track at the em. on the regions about Washington, and,

was rising to send the telegram, when the door opened and John Martin followed by the new representatives from San Francisco, went with Hearst to make the purcisco, went with Hearst to make the purcisco, went with Hearst to make the purcisco. four ruffians entered the room. A revolver was at my head in a moment and John Mar-

"Mr. Hill was here to tell you to stop the D- train, You will not send that message, Listen. The rock is there to stop that train a million in gold in the express car. Doyou

I trembled for A'ice. Not a sound came I trembled for A'ice. Not a sound came from the little room, as I was tied hand and foot to my chair; bound so securely that I could not move. It was proposed to gag me, but finally concluding that my cries, if I made any, could not be heard a handker-chief was bound over my mouth.

The door of the washroom was closed and locked. Alice still undiscovered; then the light was blown out and the ruffians left me, locking the door after them.

There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of one of the men pacing up and down, watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief on my mouth to fall around my neck. I had scarcely accomplished this when there was a tap on the inner door.

"Beoret" Alice said

The midnight down train was coming swiftly surely, to certain destruction! Where was my wife? Had the ruffians intercepted her at the cottage? Was she lying dead somewhere upon the wild road? Her heroism was of no avail, but was her lie saved? In the agon of that question the approaching rumble of the train was far more the bitterness of Alice lost than the horror of the doomed lives it carried. Why had I let her start upon her mad errand?

Why had I let her start upon her mad errand?

The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train, and did not stop at Deering station; but as I listened, every sense sharpened by mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently, I knew that it stopped at the embankment, as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected not preceding waits and groans from the injured passengers. but carefully. A moment more and I heard shouts, the crack of firearms, sounds of some conflict.

shouts, the crack of firearms, sounds of some contlict.
What could it all mean? The minutes were hours, till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were round my neck, and Alice was whispering in my ear:
"They will come in a few minutes, love, to set you free."
"But have you been to Paris?"
"Yes dear."
"In all that storm?"
"Selim seemed to understand. Hacarried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my waterproof cloak and hood. When I reached Paris the train had not come from D——."
"But it is here."

"But it is here."

"Only the locomotive and one car. In that car were a sheriff, deputy sheriff and 20 men, armed to the teeth to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the platform when the speed slackened, so that I could run here and tell you all was safe!"

While we spoke my wife's fingers had first untied the handkerchief around my peek and then, in the dark found some of the speed slackened. The was lucky from the first, and he soon accumulated a bag of gold representing at least \$500,000. This gold was made up of dust, slag and good-sized was made up of dust slag and good-sized was made up

voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!" was the good news. "Three, including Martin, are desperately wounded, but the surprise was perfect. Now, old fellow, for you!"

A dozen clasp-knives at once severed my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting. As for the praises showered upon my plucky little wife, it would require a volume to tell half of them.

"Lent's bank broke self poorer than fornia. He had so a new pick, but he himself on his fer stayed with him. He keut on making the self poorer than fornia. He had so a new pick, but he himself on his fer stayed with him. He keut on making the self poorer than fornia. He had so a new pick, but he himself on his fer stayed with him.

SHREWD AND SHARP.

How Mr. Trask Made \$100,000 by Having the Station Watched. [New York Star.]

John Jacob Astor recently purchased 207 acres of land at West Farms from Benjamin Trask. He paid \$500,000 for it, and has already refused \$400,000 for simply half of it. Mr. Astor, in speaking of this offer yesterday, said: "I do not buy to sell. I expect to let that land lie for 15 years before I do anything with it." The land was offered at one time to D, O. Mills for \$350,-000, and afterwards to Russell Sage and Jay Gould for \$400,000. The latter gentleman wanted it for elevated road purposes, but was too slow in coming to a decision. The agents of Mr. Astor heard of its being in the market and tried to get an option on it. The options taken on property by the Astors are all one sided. They bind it up for 30 days, but leave themselves free to do as they please. When M. Trask was approached with such a proposition he immediately suspected that it was one of the Astors who was looking at the property, and he got a man to watch the West Farms station. In a day or two John Jaceb Astor got off there, hired a cab and drove over the land. Mr. Trask put his price up to \$600,000 at once, but Mr. Astor would only give \$500,000 for it. A compromise was made, but watching that station made a difference of \$100,000 to Mr. Trask. at one time to D. O. Mills for \$350,

How to Manage a Stove. [Good Housekeeping.

The introduction of coal as fuel required changes in fire-boxes and grates, and also made necessary very different management of the fire. There are even now many cooks and housewives who do net understand how to properly manage a hard coal cooking stove or range. Most of them use double the coal necessary, and do not secure as good results as a less amount wisely used would give. A shallow, lively fire is needed to give the best results with hard coal. There should not be so deep a bed of coals that the air cannot circulate through the fire. A light bed of lively burning coal, kent free of ashes underneath by a careful slicing over the grate or a deft poking with a locked-end poker from below up between the grate bars—shaking the grate packs the coal too closely—with an occasional addition of a thin layer, scarcely more than a sprinking of coal on the top of the fire, as the light of the housewife an ideal cooking or baking heat.

A Euried Forest.

[Evening Wisconsin.]

Well diggers on the Crowley place at Lift. The first 35 feet appeared to be the branches of a tree: at 40 feet the growth was larger, as if near the trunk; at 45 feet larger still. The first 35 feet was through light give level as the branches of a tree: at 40 feet through light gravel and the next 10 feet through light gravel grave ment of the fire. There are even now many cooks and housewives who do not under-

GOOD STORIES

Others.

Ingalls' Cartridge Recalls an Anecdete of Stanton.

George W. Childs' Kindness to a Newspaper Reporter.

[Copyright, 1890, by Frank G. Carpenter.] WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.-George Hearst the millionnaire senator from California, bankment. So I shall stop the midnight at during the past week, he has invested in some cannel coal veins in West Virginia, My wife entered the dressing-room as I which, I am told will make him another was rising to send the telegram, when the

> chase, and he tells the story. Said he:
> "The trip taught me how Hearst made his fortune. It showed me that he was a sharp business man and this West Virginia sale will give you a good insight into his char-

> "We found the coal veins all right. There were several of them, each of which had its price, and each of which contained a differ-

before we discuss the price.' With that we climbed up to the vein, and Senator Hearst

"Well, senator, are you satisfied now?"
"No, I'm not' replied Hearst, and he kept his eyes on the blazing lump for fully 10 minutes longer. At the end of that time the fire had died out and only a heap of gray ashes remained on the ground. Senator Hearst then said:

"'That settles it,' and he thereupon went to the West Virginian and bought the vein. It is a valuable property, and it will probably make him a great deal of money. was in this same way that he made millions in the gold mines of California. He looked at every mine he bought for him-self, and the most of those he invested in he bought upon option, working them for six months, and, if they paid out as represented, buying them at the end of that time outright. The result was that he always made and never lost. Some call it good for-tune-luck. I call it brains."
"Where did Hearst come from?" I asked.

"He was born in Missouri," replied Congressman Clunie. "His folks lived near St. Louis, and were well to do. Hearst began life by keeping store, but his health was poor, and his business did not pay. He decided to go West. He sold out his store for a promissory note of \$1000. This, in addition to his expenses, was the sum of his possessions when he started for California. It turned out to be worth only the paper on

was made up of dust, slag and good-sized the knots of the cord binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and in another moment light and joyfui was broke and Hearst found himber the staircase. fornia. He had scarcely the money to buy a new pick, but he borrowed enough to put himself on his feet, and his good fortune

He kept on making money, and he has at He kept on making money, and he has at times owned mines and mills on the Pacific coast which gave employment to 2000 men and crushed 1000 tons of ore every day. He is still interested in mining, and he has farms containing some of the finest blooded stock in the West. One of his farms has 30,000 acres. He is the owner of the San Francisco Examiner, and he has some of the fastest horses of the country. He has always been liberal in his gifts to the party, and the Democrats gave him their unanimous minority vote for luited States sens. and the Democrats gave him their unani-mous minority vote for United States sena-tor when Stanford was elected by the Re-publicans."

How Hearst Spelled Bird. Senator Hearst has been represented as an illiterate man, but Senator Frye tells a story that illustrates both his education and his



A Chat With Librarian Spofford. well the baby looked in the Coach, but hubby tinally began to notice that beeple coming towards them seemed to see something funny. He could not understand what it all meant, and concluded to investigate.

"You wheel the Coach while I go ahead and see what's the matter," he said to his wife.

He passed the coach a dozen yards or so and then turned back. One look at the coach made him blush and then shake with laughter. They were near 9th street, and lie told his wife to cross over while he told his wife to cross over while he wheeled. She crossed the sweet ahead of

tinged with gray. During the past 25 years he has by proxy contributed more to the Congressional record than any man in Washington. Congressmen go to him for all sorts of information, and get it. He has the title of every one of the half million odd books in this biggest library of the country on his tongue's end, and he knows where to find information on all topics, from cooking to theology. He is a man of many literary friendships and there is scarcely an author in the country who does not know him. He-hob-nobs with the senators, and when I entered the library old Father Jerome Edmunds was chatting soberly with him on the limitations of the infinite. Edmunds' bald pate was shining like the head of a boy's new drum and his severe eyes were jumping with enthusiasm as he argued with the librarian. He left a moment after I entered, and I went with Mr. Spofford into one of the narrow alcoves and talked with him as to our intellectual progress.

"Yes," said he, "the great American brain"

and talked with him as to our intellectual progress.
"Yes," said he, "the great American brain steadily grows. We have more applications for copyrights every year, and there is a wonderful intellectual activity ust now in the making of art, dramatic and musical works. A great deal of poetry is being written, and during the past year 41,000 literary inventions were entered into this intellectual patent office. A great part of our copyright now comes from syndicate newspaper letters, and I sometimes receive as many as 20 applications a day for such copyrights. The library is steadily growing, and we now have more than 625,000 volumes." umes."
I asked as to the new library building.
"It will be pushed as soon as the spring opens" replied Mr. Spofford, "and the people will be surprised at how fast we can build when we again get to work. We are now waiting for granite, but in one day last fall we laid 81,000 bricks, and on another day 89,000. The building is an imperative necessity, and it will be pushed along as fast as possible.

Kennan and His Prison Suit. I see that George Kennan, the Siberian explorer, offers his valuable lots on 16th street for sale. These are in the most advancing part of the capital, and they cost Kennan, I am told, \$20,000. He will undoubtedly make something out of it.

doubtedly make something out of it.

Mr. Kennan is making cords of money out of his lectures. I chatted with Adee, the assistant secretary of state, about him the other day. He said:

"Kennan's suit of prison clothes and the iron chain which he brought with him from Siberia to America have already brought him in \$50,000, and they are adding to his bank account every night. At the close of every lecture he appears upon the stage in very lecture he appears upon the stage in his prison garb, and he finds it a success-

ter crawi up and see that coal for ourselves before we discuss the price.' With that we then there was a tap on the inner door.

"Robert." Alice said.
"Yes, love! Speak low—there is a man under my window,"
"I am going to Paris. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller towels here knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into wide strips to join them. The rope made so reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door-knob and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim, and reach Paris in time. Dou't fear for me."

Nine o'clock! As the bell of the church clock ceased to strike a rumble, a flash, told me that a thunder storm was coming rapidly. Oh the long, long mimutes of the next hour. Ten o'clock. The rain falling rapidly, allow was so afraid of lightning. Eleven o'clock. The storm over, though still the night was inky black.

The midnight down train was coming swiftly surely, to certain destruction! Where was my wife? Had the ruifinas in."

Well, senator, are you satisfied now?"

Well senator in the tata of the cluture work but nothing in manuscript or in well-with the same proparation. It. Eurnett says in the stage i America when she was thrown from the carriage, and she has been able to do no literary work to speak of since then. She has some plans mapped out for future work, but nothing in manuscript or in well-advanced preparation. Dr. Burnett says that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" paid very well as a book and as a play. Eighty thousand copies of the book were sold, and it is still selling widely. The original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is now in Washington going to school. It is, or rather he is, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Burnett.

Reminiscences of Stanton. The cartridge which Senator Ingalls re-ceived by mail from Mississippi a week ago brings to me a curious reminiscence of Secretary Stanton. It was during the stormiest days of the war, just before the emancipation proclamation had been issued, and when the colored man was the prominent factor in every man's mind. Stanton was sitting around his family table one evening, when a bundle of mail was brought to him direct from the post office. In it there was a little package of about the size of the box which held the cartridge received by Senator Ingalis. The package was opened, and inside the paper there was a long, round roll of linen cloth about an inch in diameter. Secretary Stanton took out the pin which held the roll, and began to unwind it. He went on and after two wrappers had been removed the ghastly thumb of a negro was found within. It had blooded the rag around it, and it had evidently been cut from a living man, or one who had but a few moments before the cut-the skin on the front of it was orn white by labor. He describes the disgust of the secretary and his family, and says that the incident did not help the cause of the South with the gruff war secretary.

Childs and the Reporter.

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27.14 15.6

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17.13 30.23 29.15 5.14 15.6

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20.25 14.10 6.2 2.11 rings to me a curious reminiscence of Sec-

Childs and the Reporter. George Bancroft, the historian, is conned to his bed, and he has been sick for the greater part of the winter. He is no loing any literary work, and he considers his life-work done. He still plays whist occasionally, and one night this winter he played the whole evening, making but one mistake, which is very good for a man nearly 90. His library is one of the most valuable in the country. It contains many rare manuscripts, and it is, I am told. Mr. Bancroft's idea to have the government purchase it at a fair appraisement at his death.

I hear that George W. Childs dictated the

Funny Enough to be True.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]
Who has not suffered the torture that of human life are many, but few surpass in of painless methods are suggested for relieving the incidental suffering, but I never yet found one that was effective. That a queer mishap should arise out of the discomfort inflicted by the leather is not surprising. A very funny one came to my knowledge recently. A young lady of this town donned a pair of new shoes and, in company with her young man, visited the theatre. The pain from the squee ing became so unbearable after a half hour that in sheer descair she slipped off the instrument of torture and enjoyed the balance of the play in peace. To her horror, however, when the drop fell she found that her feet had swollen to such an extent that they could not, by any exertion, be forced on. After a fruitless attempt no other recourse was left than to depart in her stocking feet. She had delayed so long that no carriages were visible and had therefore to walk home, the swaln gallantly carrying the causes of the disaster. the bluffers of California for nothing, and Willing to Compromise.

"Come here, nigger," said the drummer.
"I want you to carry this grip to the depot

You might as well un'stand right heah dat I is a colohed gemman befoah we gits any urder into de reminiscent ambiguities of de discussion "
"Oh. well, all right. I've got a half a dollar for any nigger that wants a job. I'm
sorry that I made such a mistake."
"All right, sah, all right. I shouldn't
wonder if it was me dat made de mistake.
I spec, if you simmer de thing down. I ain't
nothin' but a niggah, leastways till I done
win about fifteen off'n dat half dollah.
Den. white man, look out how you riles my
Southern blood!"

A Valuable Suggestion. [Rehoboth, Sunday Herald.] Grocer-I've got a lot of Limburger cheese that I'm going to advertise for sale at cost. Can you suggest some taking head-Editor-How would "Unapproachable

Of Course, New York Settles It. [Buffalo Express.] "Why not change the pet name of this country from Columbia to Tomplattia?" asks THE BOSTON GLOBE. Because the people of New York have decided that Tomplattia is a myth, while Columbia still lives.

Easy Enough. [Epoch.]
Wife—I don't see how a married man like you can run around after an actress.
Hubby—Wait till I just show you her photograph.

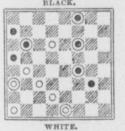
//24///23///22///21 20///19///18///17// 164/15/14/13 12///11////10/// 9 /// 8 % 7 % 6 % 5 4 % 3 % 2 % 1 BLACK.

Diagram No. 2. BLACK. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 //10 //11 //12 13///14///15///16/// 17//18///19///20 21//22///23///24/// 25//26///27///28 29///30///31///32// WHITE.

Diagram No. 1 shows the board numbered when you play with the black men. Diagram No. 2 shows the board numbered when you play the white men.

The black men are always placed on the squares numbered from 1 to 12, and the white on the squares numbered 21 to 32. Black always plays first.

By G. K. Merrill, Boston, Mass.



White to play and draw.

By G. K. Merrill, Boston Mass. BLACK. 1/1/20 1/1/2 · /// O/// //// 01/1/20

> WHITE. White to play and win.

sociation, Washington's birthday, between Charles F. Barker and a local amateur. Sullivan Harbor swampscott.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Boston, Monday Feb. 24.

BUTTER.—The butter market remains stationary as regards both prices and the general trade. First class goods are in steady demand. Best grades imitation creamery and ladle packed are in fair demand. Low grades are dull.

We quote: Creamery, Northern. extra, 27@28c % b; do, Western, extra, 27@28c; do, extra 1st, 28@28c; do, 1st, 15@18c; Fanklin Co., Mass., extra creamery, box, 27@28; do, Dairy, extra, 22@23; Vermont Dairy, extra, 21@2; do, N. Y., extra, 13@15c; Western dairy, extra 1st, 15@16; do do 1st, 13@15c; Western dairy, extra 1st, 15@16; do, 1st, 10@12; Tunk butter, 14 h or 1½ h prints, extra, 26@27; extra 1st, 20@24c % h. Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c % h; 20, 12½c; 30, 12½c; 50, 13½c; 50, 13½c; Frints steady at 14c.

EGGS.—Prices for eggs are a shade better than Produce. Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c % 15; 20, 12½c c; 30, 12½c; 50, 12c. Fort Washington: 10, 14c % 15; 20, 13½c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½c. Prints stendy at 14c.

EGGS.—Prices for eggs are a shade better than last week, and demand is also improved. Receipts are rather light. Eastern extras continue scarce and in steady call.

We quote: Near-by and Cape, 20@..c % dozen; Eastern extra, ... @19c; do, firsts, 17@18c; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, ... @19. New York 1srs. 17@ 18c; Michigan, extra, ... @18c; Western, firsts, 17@17½c; Canadian firsts, ... @... e % doz: Held stock, 8@10c % doz; Limed, 10 @11c % doz. ... e H doz: Held stock, \$@10c \$ doz; Limed, 10 @11c \$ doz.

BEANS.—The receipts of beans have been light during the week, and this is the best feature to the market, as the supply on hand is large. Prices are the same and the demand is slow.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, \$1.95@2.05 \$ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, \$1.95@2.05 \$ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, small, \$1.85@... \$ bush; do marrow, \$1.75@1.75 \$ bush; do, screened, \$1.50@1.60; do 2ds, \$1.35@1.50; Medium choice, hand-picked, \$1.75 \$... \$ do, screened, \$1.55@1.60; Yellow Eyes, extra, \$... \$ 0.00; do, 2ds, \$2.50@2.75; Red Kidneys, \$3.25.

DOMESTIC FRUITS.—The market on apples is steady and there is a choice stock on hand. Cransteady and there is a choice stock on hand. Cran-berries are in small supply with prices high and demand light.

We quote: Apples, cooking, \$3.00@5.50 \$\geq\$ bbl.;

Eating apples, \$4.00@5.00; Evaporated apple, fair to good, \$@10c; do, faincy...c; sundried, sliced and quartered, 5@6.

Grapes—Catawba, 5-15 basket, 30@35c.

Pears, fancy, \$\geq\$ bash, \$2.50@4.00; do, ordinary, \$1.00@1.25.

Cranberries, Cape Cod. \$\geq\$ barrel, \$12.00@15.00; Pears, fancy, \$\vec{v}\$ bash, \$\vec{s}_2.50\vec{d}_4.00; do, ordinary, \$\vec{s}_1.00\vec{d}_1.25.\$

Cranberries, Cape Cod, \$\vec{v}\$ barrel, \$\vec{s}_1.00\vec{d}_15.00; Country, \$\vec{s}_9.00\vec{d}_12.00; do, \$\vec{v}\$ crate, \$\vec{s}_4.00; VEGETABLES. There has been a quiet market for vegetables and prices are much the same. Poratoes are moving fairly.

We quote: Potatoes—Native, \$\vec{s}_2.00\vec{a}_2.25; Western, bulk, ...\vec{d}_{0.1}\$ do Eastern, 60\vec{d}_75.

Sweet potatoes—Jersey Double heads, \$\vec{s}_3.50\vec{d}_4.00.\$

Lettuce \$\vec{g}_4 doz., \$\vec{g}_00\vec{g}_2.1\$. Cabbage, \$\vec{v}_0\$ barrel, \$\vec{s}_1.00\vec{d}_1.25\$. Radish, \$\vec{g}_4 doz, \$\vec{s}_0\vec{d}_75c.\$ onlons—Native, \$\vec{g}_1.50\$, \$\vec{g}_1.

COFFEE.—The coffee quotations are as follows:

Java Pad'gs, pale, ... @ ... c; do do, medium brown,

24@244/e; do do fancy brown, 2314@231/e; do

l'mor, 2314@231/e; do Malang, 2214@231/e; do

l'mor, 2314@231/e; do Malang, 2214@231/e; do Hol
landhags, 23@24c; do Ankola, 25@261/e; do Hol
landhags, 23@24c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangles,

26@261/e; Mocha, 25@26c; lios, prine, 201/e;
do fair, ... @20c; do ordinary, 181/e@...c; low

ordinary, 171/e; Maracatho, 14@26c; Lagnayra,

20c; Costa Rica, 2014@211/ec; Jamaica, 191/e@

22c; Guatemaia, 221/e@23c; Mexican, 211/e@23c;

Havti, 191/e@20c.

FRUITS AND NUTS—Oranges and lemons are
in good fair demand at steady prices. Dried fruits

move well *2 quotations.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, \$2.50@

2.55; Muscatel, new, \$1.80; Sultana, 12@16.

Eleme, 61/e; Valencia, new, 71/e@8; do, Ondara,

8@31/e, Currants, 86.50@8.60. Citron, Leghorn,

18@20. Dates—Persian, new, 5@4/e; do, fard,

pew, 7@0. Figs, layers, 11@25; do, keg, 5@7.

Prunes, French, case, 6@12; do, Turk, new, ...

4/4; do, bag, 3/4@3/e. Lemons, Sicily, \$3.50@

500; do Falermo, \$5.50@5.00. Oranges—Plorida,

\$2.50@4.50; Messina.* \$2.2263.00. Bananas—

Baracoa, yellow \$1.00@1.15; do Red, 73/e8;

Castinas, 11@10; Pecanus, 10@15c; Filberts,9@11,

Almonds, 16/e18; Peanuts, hand-picked, 71/e8/e1/e1,

do, fms, 51/e9@c.

SUGAR.—1he market for refined sugar is quiet

with prices steady.

We quote: Cut-loaf, 7%c; crushed, 73/sc; pul-Groceries. with prices steady.

We quote: Cut-loaf, 74%c; crushed, 73%c; pulreized# 76; cubes, 65%c; powdered, 63%c; granulated, 63%@64%c; Confectioners' A, 64%c; Stanlard A, 64%c; Extra C, 55%c; C, 5@54%c; lei-Flour and Grain.

3, do, 3112@32c % bush; rejected white, 301/2c % bush; No. 2 mixed, 311/2c. Fish.

FISH-Following are the current prices for the reck past:
Mackred—Extra Bloaters, mess, \$26.00@28.00;
fo 1. do do, \$23.00@30.00; No 1, shore, \$23.00
fo 1. do do, \$23.00@22.00; No 3, plain,
tree. \$17.50@18.00; No 3, medium, \$13.00@
8.50; No 2, large, \$20.00@21.00; No 2, medium,
10.50@20.60. \$19.50\(\text{20.05}\). (au fig., \$\sigma_{\cong}\) (x0.05) (do. do. Coddsh—Dry Bank, large, \$5.25\(\pi_{\cong}\)5.50; do. do. N. S. Shore, \$\sigma_{\cong}\). (blue \$\cong_{\cong}\)5.50\(\cong_{\cong}\)6.50; Shore, \$\sigma_{\cong}\)5.25\(\pi_{\cong}\)6.50; Shore, \$\sigma_{\cong}\)5.25\(\pi_{\cong}\)6.50; Hake, \$2.50\(\pi_{\cong}\)2.75; Haddock, \$5.25\(\pi_{\cong}\)3.50; Pollock, pickled, \$2.50\(\pi_{\cong}\)7.50; Shore less Hake, \$4\pi_{\cong}\)4\(\pi_{\cong}\)6 Bineless Haddock, \$4\pi_{\cong}\)6 Bineless Haddock, \$4\pi_{\cong}\)6 Bineless Cod. \$6\pi_{\cong}\)7. Herring—Nova Scotia splits, large, \$6.50\(\pi_{\cong}\)6.75; do medium, \$4.50\(\pi_{\cong}\)6.500; Labrador, \$5.75\(\pi_{\cong}\)6.00; Round Shore, large, \$3.50\(\pi_{\cong}\)3.75. Miscellaneous.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 4@44\c; Corn, 24\d28\gc; Wheat, 4\gamma & 6\bar{5}\d26\cdots & 7\cdot & 7\d28\d28\gc & \$\delta\$ & \$\d

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, Feb. 21, 1890; Western cattle, 1380; Eastern cattle, 97; Northern cattle, 463. Total, 2040. Western sheep and lambs, 5280; Northern sheep and lambs, 183; Eastern sheep and lambs, Total, 7128. Swine, 25,409. Veals, 1053. Horses, 542. Frices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, live weight for Northern and Eastern cattle ranged from \$2.00 to \$4.50. Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight ranged from \$4.00@6.50. Prices of Western cattle per 100 lbs. live weight ranged from \$3.50 to \$5.25.

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C. Cents \$10. Brighton hides. 61,40. Brighton tall'w.4 @... Country hides...5 @ Darryksins... 15@350. Country tall'w.3 @... Calfskins... 5 @6

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET. Latest Quotations..... LAND STOCKS.

Anniston City ... oston W Power West End,..... 241 Vinter Harbor. .65 RAILROAD STOCKS.

W Mich. 27 n & Clev 241/8 241/4 248/8 225 Northern..... Norwich & Wor Og & L Cham... Old Colony..... 1 180 71/4 176 471/4 126

MINING STOCKS. 3 91/2 25 41/4 11/2 261/4 8

Atchison 48.... 52% Atchison inc... 54 Mexic'n Cen 4s 69% Mexi'cu Ce inc. 21 Mex C 1st inc 3s 35½ Wis Cen 1sts... 97 Wis Cen inc... 57 MISCELLANEOUS,
Lanson St Ser. 281/2 283/4 1
Sioux C'y S Y'd — 126 1
Pullm'nPal Car 188 100 18
Reece Button H 13 193/4 1 UNLISTED STOCKS.

Am Cotton Oil. 26½ 26½ 2

Am Pneu Tool. 3 56½ 2

Bay State Gas. 24 25 2

Burton SC pref 8 — 10

Chi, Bosk Liver 106 015 174

*Ex-dividend. A VERY WOMAN.

Her little hand is light as some flower petal;

25

When, later on, my lady holds the reins. Her foot is like a fairy's, 'tis so tiny, But O, 'tis mighty when she "puts it down!" It seems, when-metaphorically speaking-It's on your neck, the biggest foot in town. You swear my lady looks so sweet and saintly She is an angel wanting but the wings-Until you're wed, and then we hear you swearing she wan's no end of bonnets, gowns and "things. To heavenly heights above life's plain prosaic Cold facts, a lover's fancy lightly vaults: She is a paragon of pure perfection— Until you find that she is full of faults. Tis not a goddess, but a very woman, This idol that but now you did adore!

O, do you love her less that she is human?

Ah, no! Ah, no! You do but love her more!

To the Editor your readers that I have a positive remedy for above-named disease. By its times thousands of boosts.

PRIZE OFFER TO YOU

If You Can Write a Story.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE purposes to develop the literary talent of the Boys and Girls and the Ladies of America who are not accustomed to writing stories. The great writers of the future are among the bright, intelligent young people of today. THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE Offers FOUR PRIZES

IN GOLD for the Best Four Stories written by either

Boys or Girls under 18 years of age, to be sent to THE

GLOBE before May 1, 1890. The First Prize is a \$20 Gold Piece, the Second a \$10 Gold Piece, the Third a \$5 Gold Piece, and the Fourth a \$1 Gold Piece. These stories should be as short as you can make them, from 100 to 1000 words, and give a plot and work

it out in an interesting manner. Little sketches for cuts to illustrate the story will be acceptable. The Prizes will be awarded about June 1st, which will give ample time for an intelligent committee to ex-

amine the stories and to decide upon the best ones. Every One Who Enters the Contest Must be a Subscriber to The

Boston Weekly Globe, Or a member of a family in which it is taken.

The price of THE WEEKLY GLOBE is only \$1 a year, or 50 cents for six months. A six months' subscription. entitles members of a family to enter the contest, and of course all who have been subscribers of THE WEEKLY GLOBE are entitled to compete.

The stories are to be the property of THE GLOBE aftey they are received, and all with any merit will be printed in THE GLOBE during the year. This of itself is a fine opportunity for young authors to see how their stories look in print, and thus obtain a start in the

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is printed in the establishment of THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, which has the Largest Circulation of any paper in New England, and occupies the Finest Newspaper Building in this section of the country, Nos. 236 to 244 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

PRIZES FOR LADIES.

To develop the latent talent among the ladies of America who are over 18 years of age, whether married or unmarried, The Weekly Globe also offers FOUR PRIZES, \$20, \$10, \$5 and \$1 in Gold for the Best Four Stories that are sent in by May 1st, the Prizes to be awarded June 1st. Any lady who competes must only be a member of a family that takes THE WEEKLY GLOBE. THE WEEKLY GLOBE is a Large Eight-Page Family Newspaper, established in 1872, and the subscription price is only 50 cents for six months.

These stories, which should contain not less than 1500 nor more than 3000 words, also will be considered the property of THE GLOBE, and will be printed in the paper from time to time during the year.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

In writing a story use only one side of your sheets of paper. Write plainly, and mail the stories to the "Story Editor of THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE, Nos. 236-244 Washington street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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important towns and most of the

villages of the

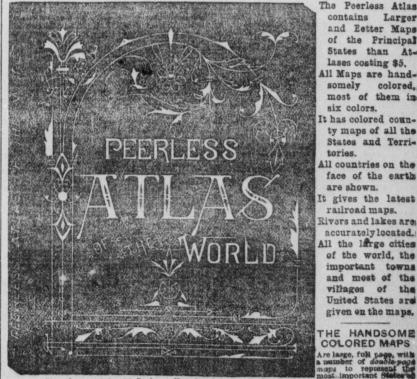
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given on the maps.

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ODD WEDDING COSTUMES.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

were not properly and efficiently used.

When, however, marriage became a con-

tract and was recognized as such, the con-

sent of the bride was an important pre-

gifts, sometimes of nominal, often of real

expensive; the wife became a drag on the resources of her husband; and then the

men began to demand that, instead of pay-

some compensation for being willing to marry. This originated the bride's dowry.

on the principle that, as marriage is a con

tract and the expenses of a married man are far greater than those of a bachelor, the

bride should contribute to the resources of

In every Welsh neighborhood, until al-

Husband.

LOVES OF THE BIRDS.

Courting of Feathered Gallants the World Over.

They Put on Agenies and Make Love as Human Beings De.

Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds and Homely Ones Unsuccessful Lovers.

F. F. Holden in San Francisco Chronicle. One would hardly look for romance in the farmyard hennery, coquetry in the pigeon-house, or jealousy and other passions generally considered human among the forms which constitute the so-called lower animals: yet do we but glance behind the do-mestic curtain of the brutes we shall see all or many of the human weaknesses por-trayed in the lives of our humble friends. This is suggestive of the belief that all life from man down is actuated by the same impulses, and consequently finds similar methods of expression. Among the higher animals, the mammals and birds, this is especially noticeable, and the loves of the lower animals would make a tragic and romantic recital.

Among the birds particularly, personal discrimination is prominent. Mr. Conklin. the director of the Central Park Zoological Gardens gave me an example of "cutting out," as he expressed it, that came to his ce, illustrating equally well the survival

of the fittest in matters of love.

There was upon the lake a flock of lame ducks and one autumn a wild flock, during migration, came plunging down to rest, among them a drake of magnificent plumage and fiery eyes, who spied out the tame ducks and soon scraped acquaintance, playing the part of the enamored swain. His flock left him, yet he lingered on, not without results. The tame male leader lost his influence and power; his feathers were dingy and rough compared to those of the gallapt cavalier from the far north, and finally he was beaten and driven away, a forlorn and miserable object that spent his time on the bank devising, perhaps, schemes for the overthrow of his enemy. The wild drake completely captivated the females by his blandishments, the old lover was ignored, and the conquerer, the bold knight, remained for several seasons faithful to his That attractive dress and features have

their effect upon the female mind among the animals there is not the slightest doubt. The director of the Berlin Gardens told me that a male pheasant having lost its tail feathers, which gave it a ludicrous appearance, it was immediately spurned by the females, who took up with another cock possessed of greater personal attractions. In other words the females, as in the human family, prefer an attractive lover or bus-band according to their ideas, and are very like the lowest tribes of human beings to day, where the biggest and most powerful Interesting Processes by Which the man has the most wives. In an Africau tribe the men steal to a camp, knock down the woman of their choice with a club and drag her away to their home. In another tribe, in a so-called civilized country in the north of Europe, the woman is placed on one who runs her down and drags her the matrimonial prize. This is the method of the woodpecker in many species. The female is followed by a score or more of gay cavaliers, fighting among themselves, chasing her from tree to tree, over hill and dale. until finally exhausted she becomes the property of the fittest, the one who can now defend her against the rest, and when he can put them to flight the courtship is at an and-the bride is won.

The males, especially among birds, are adorned by nature with showy costumes, gaudy plumes and tail feathers that would naturally attract the female. The peacock and the pheasants are exampley. The male of the argus pheasant is one of the most magnificent creatures in existence, What is more beautiful than a peacock, particularly the white variety? They are the lords of the bird creation, at least in the field of love and conquest, and appeal to the eye of the fair sex. The peacock is a shallow-pated fellow of the Louis XIV, type, a Dundreary in his foppishness, an exquisite of the feathered tribe. Watch his methods: The hiss, the rustle of his feathers as the climax of his emotions, his wings trailing on the ground. He plainly says: "Look at me! Examine me well; I am an Adonis." Watch how slowly he turns: how every position is taken to show his colors and tints to advantage; see how he gleams in the sunshine. No wonder the demure and sober-habited female is overawed by such a lover.

The female birds in almost every case are insignificant in appearance. This is especially true in the gailinaceous birds. Compare the gamecock to the hen; the argus pheasant is already alluded to to its mate. Among the quadrupeds we find smallar instances. The stag with its maxificent antlers is a striking contrast to its mate, tunid and defenceless. And so on through life the male is in some way the superior in those characteristics which require bravery, leadership and subjugation. Not that the principle of woman's rights is not existent in the animal kingdom as it is, certain forms being entirely intimidated and under the female thumb.

In a certain African tribe the lover, after adorned by nature with showy costumes.

being entirely intimidated and under the female thumb.

In a certain African tribe the lover, after having cast his eye upon the damsel of his choice, approaches the father and proposes for her hand. The stern parent suggests that a retaining fee would have some effect, and, having obtained the kids, roots and other articles required, he informs the expectant lover that there are 20 others who want his daughter, and they can meet some day and decide upon their qualifications. So upon the appointed day the aspirants for her hand gather together, and before the coy maid and her laughing friends are put through a series of exhibitions that would test the wind and muscle of an athlete. They are required to leap about, jump, run, and, finally, it is a literal case of the survival of the fittest, the suitor that is best equipped physically carrying off the prize. Precisely an analogous case is seen among the birds known as the Rupicolae, found in the recesses of the South American continent. The bird is about as large as a pigeon; the female a light brown hue, the male a brilliant and peculiar fiery red, with a high crest that projects far over the bill, giving the wearer a somewhat fantastic appearance.

During the mating season bands of these birds collect by the sides of rocky streams in inaccessible parts of the country to prepare for a ceremony similar to the one just cited. The birds form in an irregular circle, nodding and bowing, and then one of the number steps into the ring and begins what is apparently an exhibition. It nodes its head, ruffies its wings, hops first upon ene foot then on the other, taking short leaps into the air, running around as if after some imaginary enemy, making every rossible attempt to attract the attention of the females, and only when thoroughly exhausted does it retire from the ring to give place to another bird that exerts itself to outdo its rival. And so this strange performance goes on ultimately resulting in the selection of mates, the males striving to imprestion, just as female thumb.
In a certain African tribe the lover, after

these instances, and they could be dupli-cated many times, we have situations where the love making is to a greater or less ex-tent communal—a joint convention, as it where, finding many analogies in the hu-

where, finding many analogues in the human race.

The courtship of the English bustard is a rare and attractive sight. It is accomblished in the air, the bird performing wonderful feats of flight, darting this way and that; now rising to lofty height, moving around in graceful curves, then suddenly darting down like a rocket, alighting upon the ground by the demure female, for whom the performance has been enacted, and walking about dragging its wings like a turkey.

Perhaps the most demonstrative court-

performance has been enacted, and walking about dragging its wings like a turkey.

Perhaps the most demonstrative courtship is that of the paroquets. Their attentions are unremitting; the male caressing its mate, uttering low, cooing sounds, and showing its affection by every motion. So with the pigeon, especially the fantastic pouter. The courtship is a most extraordinary series of movements and posturings laughable to behold, in their resemblance to similar actions in the human race.

The couriship of cranes and herons is perhaps the most judicrous of any, and rendered more so by their long, still-like legs. During the mating season the birds meet at certain places, where the males entertain their prospective mates by going through regular dances, often of the most complicated character. A friend told me that he once watched one of these dances from a haystack where he had concealed himself. A dozen or more cranes were standing on the edge of a marshy spot, perfectly motionless, having returned one by one from some feeding place. Suddenly a bird hopped eight feet or more into the air, and, fluttering its wings violently, dropped to assume a laughable mincing walk in and out among the others. Then another bird hopped over the back of a neighbor, thrusting its neck up and down, winding it about like a snake, uttering a curious clucking sound and darting about among the group. This was followed by each bird in turn and sometimes

ing his horse"
"Here," said a man noted for his unthrift,
"is the only money I ever saved, and I
wouldn't have saved that were it not made

of german silver."
It is a custom for many kind old persons to say, while tendering a bright piece of silver or gold to an emigrating lad or lass: "Keep this in your pocket and you'll always become or "".

to say, while tendering a bright piece of silver or gold to an emigrating lad or lass: "Keep this in your pocket and you'll always have money."

The present and injunction are, perhaps, muended for a practical suggestion of thrift, although in most cases the lesson is likely to be disregarded. Few people possess the quality of economy to an extent that will allow them to join Shylock in his boast of ability to make coins breed.

A large number of these mementoes struggle into the hands of New York money-changers, whose locations give them daily opportunity of dealing with emigrant arrivals. While speaking of this incident in the business one broker said: "It used to give me a pang when some poor fellow or woman would unwrap a time-smoothened piece of foreign money or remove a perforated one from a chain or faded strip of ribbon, and tearfully offer it for sale or exchange. But one soon loses sentiment in this business, and in a matter-of-fact way I simply pay for the weight of most of such odds and ends as you see heaped in that tray. I've had cases wherein persons who had struck prosperity have returned after a long time to see if their keepsakes could be identified and recovered, but the crucible of the assay office had generally put them beyond hope."

Sometimes a special piece of morey is kept sight of with almost religious interest. Instances are known where nawubrokers have made advances often enough on a revered coin to make the interest exceed its nominal value many times over. It is a case of indescribable horror when the owner of a metallic "mascot," or prized talisman, has paid it away in some unguarded moment. Hallowed heirlooms thus have been ruthlessly swept into the coffers of an unsentimental railroad or more profane tills. This risk is always likely to prevail, regardless of the many ways of safely storing such precious things. Nine out of I of the devotees of these little gods would decline the use of the safe-deposit boxes or bank vanits, believing as they do that the luck or charm chances of

in industry in this country. Millions of thims bles are made and sold every year. There is the common steel thimble, which can be stronged for a few cents, and there are thimbles made of silver and gold. The process conserved the weet of the level of the wholes and other precious stones are set of the level of the which almost any amount of money many very elaborate ones in which diamonds and other precious stones are set of the weet. The sum is zero chasses are made on dies of different sizes. The gold, silver or steel is pressed from the first and the same than the forth is zero consisting and polishing and decorating the first polishing and decorating the polishing and polishing and decorating the polishing and polish

pressed into the interior of the thimble, and fastened there by a mandril. Gold leaf is attached to the outside by great pressure, the edges of the leaf being fitted in and held by small grooves at the base of the thimble. The article is then ready for use. The gold will last for years. The steen never wears out, and the gold can be readily replaced at any time.

Flaborate thimbles set with jewels are only made for persons who have more money than brains. Not long ago a gentleman in this city, blessed with plenty of this world's wealth, wanted to make a present to a young lady, and he had a hadsome chased gold thimble made. On the top of the thimble was set a large solitaire diamond and around the rim of the thimble was a row of diamonds and rubies, set alternately. This thimble would certainly be more ornamental than useful and if used at a sewing circle would attract a great deal of attention.

The Wedding Bing.

The Wedding Ring.

[Jeweller.]
The transition of the custom of using a ring at marriages from barbarism and paganism into the Christian Church was quite as easy as the adoption of the forms of pagan worship. It was probably taken from the pagans of Italy as a part of the mar-riage ceremony. When the public betrothal finally became nearly obsolete, its evidence became the enragement ring, now used universally, while the use of a ring at weddings is now peouliar to certain church

dings is now peculiar to certain church organizations.

The position of the ring on the hand has long been a matter of difference. In early times, by classical ancients, the betrothal ring was placed on the left hand, and on the finger ne t the least, under the impression that that particular finger was more closely connected with the heart than the others. In early English marriages the "Salisbury Manual" provided that the bridegroom was to receive the ring from the priest with the three principal fingers of his right hand; then, holding the right hand of the bride with his own left hand, he was to say. "With this ring I thee wed." He then placed the ring on her right humb and said: "In the name of the Father," then on the second finger and said, "and Son," then on the third finger and said, and Holy Ghost," and finally on the fourth finger and said, "Amen." where it remained. Wearing the wedding ring on the thumb was not uncommon during the reign of the first and second Georges, in which position it is seen in contemporary portraits.

Visitor-Prof. Vandersplinkenheimer. Servant-Och! Sure, ye'd better go right and take it wid ye.

Time to Know It.

made its headquarters. The yard is always surrounded by young trees upon whose succulent shoots the moose feed. It forms a striking scene, the animals lying about the space of trampled and discolored snow, while here and there a magnificently antlered bull towers above the rest, keeping watch, and at other places on the edge of the yard an animal is reaching aloft its long, prehensile hips to tear down its meal

of green branches.

Now the news which the prospector brought into camp created an instant interest. Fresh meat was at a premium in the Restigouche camp, and at the thought of moose meat, which is a sort of beef idealized, every lumberman's mouth began to water longingly. The boss was quite at one with the hands in this respect. wherefore it was not long before a hunt was organized.

Only those men could take part who had their snowshoes with them, for the snow was deep that season. So there was a small muster of five, but with those five went the blessings of the camp. Upon their success hung the hopes of all their hungry com-

hung the hopes of all their hungry comrades.

The wind, fortunately for the hunters, was blowing from the vard to the camp, so that it was not necessary to take a roundabout course. The expedition was ied by the prospector, who was an enthusiastic hunter as well and skilled in woodcraft.

It was past midday as the yard was approached. The hunters separated and closed in on the yard from all sides save that from which the wind was directly blowing. The leader, whose name was Story, had the longest way to go, in order that by the time he could get into position all the others might be ready and waiting.

Presently an owl was heard to hoot twice. This was story's signal. The moose heard it, too, and pricked up their ears, for the owls they were accustomed to hear hooted; as a rule, in the nighttime. Then here were tract and was result of the brilliminary, and gifts, sometimes value.

As civilization life the married expensive; they some compensa marry. This or on the principle tract and the rackling of frosted twigs all about them and huddled together, terrified, in the middle of their yard.

The nearly was not necessary to take a roundably to the bear of the brilliminary, and gifts, sometimes value.

As civilization life the married expensive; they some began to do ing for their was some compensa marry. This or on the principle tract and the resources of her man began to do ing for their was story, had the longest way to go, in order that by the time he could get into position all the others might be ready and waiting.

Presently and was led by the provide and the liminary, and gifts, sometimes value.

As civilization life the married expensive; they some began to do ing for their was sure.

The neck more for the sonwholes and the crackling of frosted twigs all about them and huddled together, terrified, in the middle of their yard.

The nearly married expensive; they save the price the price th

such precious things. Nine out of 10 of the devotees of these little gods would decline the use of the safe-deposit boxes or bank vanits, believing as they do that the luck or charm chances of the object only become potent by personal contact.

MAKING THIMBLES.

Interesting Processes by Which the Useful "Finger Hats" Are Finished.

[New York Mall and Express.]

The manufacture of thimbles is quite and Industry in this country. Millions of thimbles are made and sold every year. There is the common steel thimble, which can be

and roots beneath it, that saved him from being crushed at once.

As the moose felt the knife in his neck he drew back, and threw up his head with violence, intending to trample his adversary with his terrible hoofs; but the neck of the moose has tremendous power, and as the hunter clung to his hold with desperate tenacity, knowing that his last chance depended on it, he was thrown high into the air. He came in contact violently with a beech-tree branch.

One thinks quickly in such emergencies as these, or rather an instinct, drowsy at other times, wakes up and saves us the need of thought. Story flung both arms around the branch, and with a great sigh of thankfulness, and possibly an inward utterance of the same, swung himself out of harm's way.

the same, swung nimesir out of narm's way.

When his opponent failed to fall, the mosse was astonished. He turned round and round, and tore up the snow, and bellowed hoarsely in his rage. The thing was inexplicable.

At last he looked upward, and saw the hunter in the branches. His indignation waxed fiercer than ever, and he made desperate efforts to pull down the branches by seizing and breaking off their tips.

How the huntsman chuckled and derided him!

by seizing and breaking oil their tips.

How the huntsman chuckled and derided him!

After a time the mad brute grew more calm. Then, to Story's supreme disgust, he law down under the tree to starve his prisoner out. The hunter had no gun. The weather was severe. There was nothing to eat. There was no way of stealing off unobserved. To crown all, the wretched man recalled a number of incidents showing the implacable persistence of the wounded buils of this species.

For perhaps an hour the hunter waited, vainly hoping that this particular moose would prove less obstinate than his kind, or would get homesick for the rest of the herd, or would get homesick for the rest of the herd, or would get homesick for the rest of the herd, or would die of his inward wound.

But nothing seemed further from the animal's intention than any one of these things. It was growing dark, and the shivering captive began to realize that he would have to spend the night in his tree.

He tucked his knife back safely in its sheath and undertook to warm himself a little.

His snowshoes he had taken off long before and had tied them to a limb, knowing that if they should fall to the ground the

shand of the bride with his own left hand he was to say. "With his ring I thee wed." He then placed the ring on her right thumb and said: "In the name of the Father." then on the second finger and said. "and Son." then on the third finger and said. "and Holf Ghost." and finally on the fourth fifter and said. "Amen." where it remained. We aring the wedding ring on the thumb was not uncommon during the reign of the first and second Georges. in which position it is seen in contemporary portraits.

In the English church the use of a ring at a wedding ceremony is essential. It being required by the rubric. The kind, size or quality of the ring is not stipulated, and there are on record marriages in England in which bedcurtain rings church keys and our investigation has entered into these curious but interesting facts we do not remember to have seen any case in which the ring of a church bell was used.

A Matter of Taste.

[Puck.]

Ray Troussy—But how can you think I'm pretty, when my nose turns up so dreadfully?

A Matter of Taste.

[Puck.]

Ray Troussy—But how can you think I'm pretty, when my nose turns up so dreadfully?

A Matter of Taste.

[Puck.]

Ray Bonssy—Well, all I have to say is that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth.

Too Much for Her.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

Servant—Viss, sorr, Mrs. Jones is in. Whit's yer name. sorr?

Visitor—Prof. Vandersplukenheimer.

Servant—Coh! Sure, ye'd better go right in adda that the large time and the would ge home without him, confident that he would gen home without him, confident that he mose syrad; and then, picking up his feet, looked on with the mose of a ring at a wedding cerem

the moose yard; and then picking up his trail from the yard, might be expected to rescue him about roon. By that time, he thought to himself miserably, he might be frozen stiff. He decided to do something! But what?

Time to Know It.

[St. Paul Eye.]

"What? Is the Widow Brown going to be led to the altar for the third time?"

"No. I guess not. She ought to be able to find the way there herself by this time."

A Gentle Hint for Young Sappy.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

Maud—Come. child, it's time for you to go to bed—it's very late.

Little sister—I ain't sleepy.

Maud—You ought to be—I am.

True Definition of a Widow.

[St. Paul Eye.]

A woman who knows what is what, and is desirous of further information upon the same subject

Time to Know It.

[St. Paul Eye.]

At first he thought of cutting a branch, fastening his knife to the end of it, and stabling his captor with the improvised harpoon. But the beech branches were too thick and crooked to suit his idea. He did at last, however, succeed in splicing a sort of spear, about five feet long; and when he had got the kmife lashed to the end of it and tarbon in conse with the improvised harpoon. But the beech branches were too thick and crooked to suit his idea. He did at last, however, succeed in splicing a sort of spear, about five feet long; and when he had got the kmife lashed to the end of it, and the baryon when he had provided. The same exchange and the moose showed no inclination to come where he could be effectually and neatly despatched. The hunter stuck his harpoon into a limb and set out to concoot another weapon.

By this time the moon was up. The hunter tore a little strip from him.

An Un The spear about five feet long; and when he had got the kmife lashed to the end of it, and the improvised harpoon. But the beech branches were too thick and crooked to suit his idea. He did at last, however, succeed in splicing a sort of spear, about five feet long; and when he had got the kmife lashed to the end of it. and the stabling have the did at last, however, succeed in splicing a sort of spear about five feet long; and when he had got the kmife lashed to the end of it. and the stabling have it ast, however, succeed in splicing a sort of spear about five feet long; and when he

TRED BY A MOOSE.

THE LUCKY PENNY.

Some of the Peculiarities of Carriers of Mascots—Mementoes that Come Into the Hands of Money Changers.

(New York Tribune)

The cherished preservation of odd or particular colas as pocket-pieces is an old and the mines sort of idology frequently inharmless sort of by a large percentage of his but whether represented by a broad piece of gold or a battered copper token, all have associations or little histories of peculiar interest to their owners. When these treasures are under inspection in a social way remarks of the following theor are here of the solow match for a more visit part, almost under the foreign the percentage of his but were the proper of the solow match for the money. The extensive percentage of his time of the solow match for a many means, the was not frightened by any means. He was not frightened by any means, and the solounded animal surrang his time to the proper formance the powder explosed with a bange, and the solounded animal surrang his total thin the foreign percentage of his but the was not frightened by any means. He was not frightened by any means, and the solounded animal surrang have the deadly. In a naroxysm of pain and hatred clock, and the little toral in the foreign percentage of the slow was a model and the way of the solounded and the way of the solounded animal storage of the was not frightened by any means. He was not frightened by any means, and the sale of the solounded animal surrang have the solounded animal surrang the was not frightened by any means, and the sale of the solounded animal surrang the was not frightened by any means, and the foreign percentage of the slow and the foreign percentage of the slow and the solounded animal surrang the way means, and the solounded animal surrang the way means, the was not frightened by any means, the was not frightened by any means, the was not frightened by any means, the was no feated antagonist.
Story was too weak and cold and hungry to think of wa ting to cut off the animal's head and hide it from the bears. He stipped on his snow-shoes, found his gun and started back in haste for the camp. Before daylight he had reached the "yard," and then, to his intense delight, he met a party of his comrades who had set out in the night to look for him. How Matrimonial Ceremonies were Con-

ducted in ye Goode Old Tymes-The sultam of Egypt with a time-measuring contrivance provided with wheels and a bell. Dante, who died 58 years before De Wyck set his wonderful "time-teller" going on the regal palace of the French king, in three separate passages of his works alludes to a a striking clock. So, too, Calmet, who wrote in 1120, speaks of a striking clock wheels and case made to the rarities come to mind but space will not permit enumeration. Wife Regarded as a Burden to Her When men stole their wives without the formality of considering in the least the feelings, wishes, or preferences of the ladies concerned, there was no thought of presenting the bride with anything save the necessary utensils for housekeeping, and the promise of condign punishment in case they history, whether right or wrong; making i

history, whether right or wrong; making it worse than heresy for a writer to go beyond certain prescribed limits.

As all the "authorities" concur in giving to this Nuremberger of uncertain name, and still more uncertain nativity, the honor of being the original clockmaker. I shall follow a time-honored precedent and accord to him esteem which clearly should be divided equally between several inventors who lived and toiled in the dawn which followed in the wake of the night of the Dark Ages. As civilization changed the conditions of life the married state became much more

Tollowed in the water of the park Ages.

Couradus Dasipodius of Strasburg, who perfected his wonderful astronomical clock in 1573, is believed to have been the first to apply his skill to the marvellous in clocking for their wives, they should receive

perfected his wonderful astronomical clock in 1573, is believed to have been the first to apply his skill to the marvellous in clockmaking.

The best description of it is that of a traveller who spent five hours a day for 21 days carefully inspecting every part of it before attempting to give to the public a pen-picture of its wonderful intricacies. Although couched in the peculiar language of the times, and abounding in odd and unseeming expressions, the description is otherwise remarkably clear. He says:

"At Strasburg I spent almost a full month, putting in a half day each day for three weeks, studying out the curiosities to be found in the strange clock invented by one Conradus Dasipodius. Before the main part of the clock stands a globe, which shows to perfection the motions of the heavenly bodies. The heavens are carried about by a mover once every 24 hours; Saturn, by his proper motion, is carried once about every 30 years; Jupiter in 12. Mars in two, the sun, Mercury and Venus in one year, and the moon once each month. In the clock itself there are two tables, one to the right the other to the left. These show the eclipses of the sun and moon from the year 1873 to the year 1624. A third table occupies the middle of the space in the clock's interior. This table is divided into three parts. In the first part a statue of Abollo and Diana shows the course of the year and the day thereof, being turned once about in the course of 12 months. The second part shows the year of our Lord and the equinoctial days, the hours of each day, the minutes of each hour and the seconds of each minute, besides Easter and all other feast days and the dominical letter. The third part of the table has a geographical description of all Germany and France, a plat of Strasburg and the minutes the day the statue of the table has a geographical description of all Germany and France, a plat of Strasburg and the mange of sall other feast days and the dominical letter. The third part of the table has a geographical description of a man most the middle of the present century, there was a functionary known as the bidder. The duty of this important official was to give notice of an approaching marriage, which he did by perambulating the neighborhood and surrounding country announcing the festivities, inviting everybody to attend, and stating in pleasant Welsh doggerel rhymes the important people who would be present the merits of the groom, the beauty and graces of the bride, and the abundance and delicacies of the viands that would be placed before the grests. He also served notice on all persons indebted in wedding gifts to the groom and bride or to their parents to pay up at once, the meaning of which peculiar dun will be apparent in the light of the fact that on previous occasions the parents of the pair have contributed to the household effects of half the neighborhood, and naturally desire a return. ing the festivities, inviting everybody to attend, and stating in pleasant Welsh dog-

which marks the guite to be made are dedistributed. Among the westing presents
the distributed of the second of

cal charts and diagrams were said to have been even more intricate and complicated than those of the Strasburg clock. The French soldiers debated the matter long and earnestly before destroying such a marvel, until they saw the French soldiers in the automatical fight on the clock's platform overcome by the German troops, after which they willingly ruined both clock and hall.

It Bring to You?

for Keeping Time,

Clecks Made Whelly of Ice, Straw,
Paper or Hardened Bread.

Minute Time Keepers, One of Which a King Wore on His Ear.

Minute Time Keepers, One of Which a King Wore on His Ear.

John W. Wrightin St. Louis Republic.]

Five hundred and eleven years ago, in February, 1379, Henry Vic, or, as some authorities give his name. Henry de Wyck, the "Nuremberg Wizard," set up the first clock, of which we have any authentic record. in the palace of the king of France. Charles V. was king of France. Charles V. was king of France at the time (although he did not survive the erection of his wonderful timepiece more than a year and a half), and Nuremberg, "the cradle of European invenvention," was the mistress of all the high mechanical arts. Legendary accounts and casual allusions of various authors to mechanical contrivances for the measurement of time establish the fact almost beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the clock was known some years, perhaps centuries, before the historical effort of the ingenious and def-fingered De Wyck.

It is known that Frederick H., who died in 1251, was at one time presented by the Sultan of Egypt with a time-measuring contrivance provided with wheels and a bell. Dante, who died 58 years before De Wyck.

The 100-year clock at the centennial, the straw clock of Dresden, the paper Company of the colock and the clock work to be constructing that the day the clock work to the convex Beathing the lady the dwell will be bedy the View as a tracked in initiation of Cupid's outfit, two tiny doves. Beathind a figure of Alexanched. In imitation of Cupid's outfit, two tiny doves. Beathind a figure of Mercury accounts a special the colock work to the clock work was in reality title bell which the hour, half bour and year to the clock work to

HUMAN NATURE.

It Is Very Much the Same the World Over, and It Seems to be Especially So Away Out in Kansas. [Atchison (Kan.) Globe.]

een carrying a corset box on the streets

The smaller the deposit a man has in a ank, the oftener he walks by to see if the bank's doors are still open.

Every man believes that though he can count those he likes on one hand it would take both hands to count those who like

"You see my mistakes: I see yours.—[Parson Twine.

A child in North Atchison the other day asked 34 questions in five minutes, and the average is greater than that.

A woman never blames a man when she can possibly blame a woman.

Boast of your wife's good cooking to a guest, and you will have the poorest dinner you ever had when you get home.

If a man abuses one woman in the presence of another, she distrusts him, and if he compliments some other woman, it makes her mad.

Before marriage she sends little notes to the office inquiring after his health; after marriage she sends little notes inquiring after his pocketbook.

It is easy for a man to be a model husband when he has no wife.

There never was a man so humble or obscure that his biography would not be interesting.

It is only on the first trip that he takes "You see my mistakes: I see yours.—[Par-

There never was a man so humble or obscure that his biography would not be interesting.

It is only on the first trip that he takes away from home that a man writes "netes by the way."

If the room is too warm, and you open the door, every man who comes in will think it his duty to close it.

The same legs that dance for hours without tiring give out in five minutes carrying wood.

Some Well-Meaning but Entirely Unnecessary Advice.

[St. Louis Critic.]

If you are tall and she is short, you must stand erect, draw her close to your side, bend your head somewhat, so that your lips will est resignedly on her forehead, place her right hand on your shoulder, then your left arm around her waist. By this time her left hand will be snugly imprisoned in your right hand. She will raise her face to look up at you. Draw your arm for a moment from around her waist and gentle tip her head backward, and to the side, then-well,

that is one way.

The other is, if she is tall and you are short, stand on your toes, not on her toes, mind. Draw her head down nicely until ner lips are on a level with your forehead. her lips are on a level with your forehead. By that time your lips will be on a level with her diamond collar button. You will look up to her, of course. Your eyes, from the proximity to her lips, will read what she is about to say. If their motion bodes any good, then it is safe for you to make the exertion. If they bode evil, why a la Aunt Bridget, "stay where you are—stay where you are." This is the other way.

Next. if you are both of the same height and proportions, you will—but there, space is valuable.

Both Pleased. [Puck.]

"Who is the Pretty Young Lady going into Shop, with a Book in her Hand?"
"Look over the Door, my Son, and you will see the sign, Books Bought And Exchanged. Let us step in. The Pretty Young Lady in the very knowing little Cape is a Sunday School Teacher. Her Pupils love Her very dearly. They wished to give Her a nice birthday Present. So the Big Boy with the freekled face went to the Superintendent to ask his advice. The Superintendent too, loves Her very dearly; and thinking She would like a Good Book, told Him to buy Keble's 'Christian Year.' See, that is it, the red Book win a little cross on the Cover, that the smiling Clerk is putting upon the Shelf, and She is standing with 'Love's Martyr' in one Suede-gloved hand, and the 'Duchess' 'last novel in the other. "Ah, She has taken 'Love's Martyr.' and it is being tied up securely with pink twine. "Tonight the "uperintendent will put on those Shoes with pointed toes, that hurt him so, and will call on the Pretty Teacher, and ask to see the nice Book he told the Big Boy to get Her. "How pleased She will be!" love Her very dearly. They wished to

[Terre Hante Express.]

Won't you accept my hand?
She—This is such a surprise, Mr. Billings. I will have to ask papa first! He-What! You don't mean to tell me that your father is still living? Confusing.

[Life.] Clerk (in auction room)-Wake up! You

Clerk-When you nod you get the auc

can't sleep here.
Drunk-Wazzar mazzar?

tioneer all mixed up.

It Bring to You?

Are You Looking Toward It, and What De You Hope to Get?

Better to Enjoy the Present Than to Expect Joys That May Not Come.

(Amber in Chicago Herald.) "Lives there a man with soul so dead"

who hasnever indulged in dreams regarding his own particular "some day?" Some day he is going to take a new deal and be a right good fellow. He is going to quit drinking between meals and perjuring his immortal soul on cloves. He is going to join the church and get ready to pass in his checks when the grim old conductor, death, calls them in for the last station. He is going to be amiable to his wife and family commencing Monday morning, and keeping it right up until the next Sunday after midnight. He is going to stop telling lies and quit playing poker, and learn to give the devil the direct cut at whatever cross-road he meets him.

Oh, yes, indeed, there is no doubt about it -the "some days" hang for all of us like ripening plums on the tree of lite, and we mean to pick the branches clean before we die. As for me, behold a few of my own fast mellowing "some days."

Some day I am going to earn \$10 over and

above grocery bills, and shoe bills, and coal bills, and I am going to join the Humane Society and make things lively. I shall fake my stand on a street corner and arrest every brute who overloads a horse and every created being who abets him in doin so. The able-bodied people who crowd int street cars and expect two half-dead rats of horses to drag them up a slippery grade; all men who leave nose bags on their horses above a reasonable length of time, shall be whisked away together to Joliet, and made to put up and take down stove pipes for a

I.istening to some people tell a story is equal to judging a view by what you can see through a dusty window.

Some people think that they pay a debt by telling their creditors every other day that they have not forgotten that they owe it,

Extend sympathy to some people, and they begin to cough all the more leudly, to show you how bad they are.

Let tomorrow take care of itself, and you will find that it will let you take care of yourseif when it gets here.

Many girls get married because their folks are not able to keep them, and find their husbands in the same fix.—[Parson White.

The wicked things that a man would do for money, a woman will do for a man.

It is hard for a woman to please. If she makes apple pie, her husband asks for lemon; if she makes pudding, the children cry for pie. If she bakes her potatoes to suit the children, her husband will not eat them. A woman who has to cook to suit five or six appetites has a hard time of it.

The women are getting bolder. One was seen carrying a corset box on the streets today in broad daylight.

moral courage to refuse to be "pumped" by will enemies.

Some day I shall cut my last wisdom tooth and sit with the wise on pedestals of peace, from which my own folly shall overthrow me no more forever.

Some day I shall understand why I hated "Dr. Fell."

Some day I shall not only know enough to go in, but to stay in when it rains.

Some day I shall decide that it is not worth while to sow wheat on a rock or try to draw water from dry wells. In other words, I shall try to give up trying to cultivate uninteresting people merely to keep up a social farce.

The same legs that dance for hours without tiring give out in five minutes carrying wood.

In asking for an impossible thing you only waste additional time.

Some men must have new friends every month in order to have any friends at all.

Did you ever see a boy go out at a gate when he could climb the fence?

Some men are kept so busy blushing for others that they have no time left to blush for themselves.

It is the wonder of a pretty woman's life that her husband does not realize that he is envied.

If some men succeed only im raising a big, overhanging mustache, they are satisfied.

Every sorrow is partly wrath.

HOW TO KISS.

Be only one of us left to buy a tolu side at two for a cent, while the sad and subsequent years of time roll by.

Some day I shall go to the theate and find that my press tickets call for a seat where I can both see and hear, and when the fiend enters who always arrives late a special band of impos shall meet him and bear him straight to topiet.

Some day I shall have an answer ready for my adversary and not wake up in the night to regretfully remember what I might have said to confound him.

Some day I shall have an answer ready for my adversary and not wake up in the night to regretfully remember what I might have said to confound him.

Some day I shall know and when the find that my press tickets call for a seat where I can both see and hear, and when the find that my press tickets call for a seat where I can both see and hear, and when the find that my press tickets call for a seat where I can both see and hear, and when the find that my press tickets call for a seat where I can both see and hear, and when the could climb the find that my press tickets call for a seat where I can both see and hear, and when the find that my press tickets call for a seat where I can both see and hear, and when the find that my press tickets call for a seat where I can both see and hear, and when the find that my press tickets call for a seat where I can both see and hear, and when the find that my p care.

Some day I shall be a little child again, in purity, and candor, and truth, and find myself, perhaps, in heaven.

LOCKED ANTLERS.

Adirondack Guides Now Prepare Such Horns Simply for Sale.

[Utica Observer.]
"Locked horns are becoming quite a fad with some of the swells at the metropolis," said a gentleman the other day, and some of the Adrondack hunters and guides are making nice little sums by occasional sales of the curiosity that is demanded. You see the old story about the bucks that fall to fighting, and in some manner get their horns locked so they can't get apart and then starve to death, has taken a strong hold upon the romantic natures of many people, and if they can only get a set of

people, and if they can only get a set of locked horns mounted they are happy.

"So the hunters select nice horns that correspond as to size, and by the use of a twisted cord and case spring them together as if locked in their death embrace by the maddened thrusts of fighting bucks. Then, on account of their great rarity and the difficulty of finding them, they are sold to the rich curiosity hunter for a big price. His friends look in wonder and envy at them, while he recounts the story told him by the guide who found their skeletons held together by the horns and the earth all trodden down around the place so solidly that vegetation had not grown there in years, etc., and the guide goes back to the woods and fixes up another pair for the next curiosity-seeker.

Memory Rings. [Jewellers' Weekly.]

"Is my memory ring done?" queried a bright-looking young lady in a down-town jewelry store yesterday. It was, and she latest novelty in jewelry among the girls.

remarked the clerk, turning to a reporter, who was wondering what a memory ring could be.

"A memory ring is merely a silver 10-cent piece rimmed out, with the milled edges left untouched. Usually the ring has a bangle attached, made of the inner part of the dime and bearing the monogram of the youth who has been inveigled into giving the girl the coin. The ring when finished costs less than \$1. Sometimes it is made double, the two dimes being cemented together.

"Another povelty is the friendship ring."

together.

"Another novelty is the friendship ring. A girl goes among the young men of her acquaintance and gets from each a little sum of money. varying from a cent to a dime, and when she has laid tribute on all her friends she buys a ring such as the proceeds of her work will purchase. Memory rings seem to be the favorite."

Andalusian Girls. London Edition New York Herald. The Andalusian girl is almost invariably a petite brunette, and although not all are plump and many are too stout, the majority have exquisitely symmetrical taperin

dainty and refined hands and feet. Regard

ing these feet Gautier makes the most astounding assertion that "without any poetic exaggeration it would be easy here in Seville to find women whose feet an in-

fant might hold in its hands. A french girl of 7 or 8 could not wear the shoes of an Adalusian of 20."

I am glad to attest that, if the feet of Sevillian women really were so monstrously small 50 years ago, they are so no longer. It is discouraging to see a man like Gautier fall into the vulgar error of fancying that, because a small foot is a thing of beauty, therefore the smaller the foot the more beautiful it must be.

Beauty of feet, hands and waists is a matter of proportion, not of assolute size, and too small feet, hands and waists are not beautiful but ugly. We, might as well argue than a woman's, therefore the larger his foot the more he has of manly beauty. If the Andalusian women really had feet so small that a baby might hold them in its hand they would not be able to walk at all, or, at least, not gracefully. But it is precisely their graceful gait and carriage for which they are most famed and admired.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Quits. [Judge.]

Ye dodelet breaketh ye maydene's harte, He laugheth unaware: But eke she breakethe hvs pocketbooke Which makethe ye matter square,

Chloris. (After Herrick.) [K. M. in Judge.]
I sawe faire Chloris walke alone Whyle bolde wynde blewe ye streete adowne And to ye lyttle mayde unknown
It fluttered free her tailor-gowne;
I stood alle on ye corner gaye Whyle wanton wyndes did thus contryve
To shewe—alas! alacke-a-daye!
That Chloris wore ye number fyve!

Nature Is Wise.

[Chatter.] 'Tis said that thirty inches span The average woman's waist, And just so long the arm of man, So, when 'tis snugly placed Around the damsel whom one treasures, There is conformity of measure

How admirably are thy works,
O Nature, kind and dear!
For, spite of all the kinks and quirks, And various doings queer, Thou mouldest waists of proper bias, With arms to fit thou dost supply us.

A Fatal Mistake. [Richard H. Titherington in Munsey's Weekly.] 'Twas fatal! She will ne'er forgive Such a mistake as this; And I can never, while I live, Forget my cowardice.

Nellie and I together sat— Nellie whom I adore; (I'll bet a new ten dollar hat She'll speak to me no more!)

I tried to kiss her lips so red-Forever shall I rue it!—
"Just kiss me if you dare!" she said,
And I—I didn't do it.

Love. [Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Pittsburg Bulletin.] In all earth's music, solemn, sweet or strong, To hear one name, as if 'twere set in song! In all the poems written 'neath the sun,

To feel thyself a lesser part of what, Had'st thou not found, the world would be as naught To think all beauty, perfectness and grace As but the shadow of one worshipped face-To rather sit-in gloom and hear one voice Than, missing it-on mountain tops rejoice To rather feel a dear hand's stinging blow Than sny curse another might bestow; To lose all individual hope and aim. To count grief naught, though great, if one is glad, To feel no joy if that dear one is said;

Do thy heart-strings responsive thrill to this? Not else hast thou known love's impassioned bliss The Law Student's Plea. [Harvard Lampoon.] With patient eye again I trace Back to the last-remembered place, For thoughts have wandered, and I 've read A love-tale this half hour, instead Of what must some day bring me bread. Heigho! The more I strive to learn How entry and ejectment turn, The more my unwilling mind is bent On messuage and tenement, And copyholds and tithes and rent, The plainer from each page I see My Lady smiling out at me— A face clear-cut as one which Greece

Would stamp upon a silver-piece, Its gray eyes mocking at my peace! O Love! thou Usurer, who dost ask Of me this Sisyphean task How shall I ever wring from thee The wages of my constancy, If thus thou spoil my work for me? A Jolly Wizard. [Washington Star.] Oh, a wizard dwelt in a cave by the sea, And a dreamer of dreams was he.

The wild waves' roar as they broke on the shore, Gave him mirth and jollity.

For he'd people the rocks and the sounding deep

Oh, he dreamed of a maiden fair as a star. Who came o'er the rolling sea
On the snowy crest of a billow's breast,
With airy head walked she;
And her face was as white as the driven snow, And her voice was like music sad and low Oh, she sang of love, and of lover's pain, And she sang of a dream so sweet That had urged her soul to a desperate goal, For the sake of a wild heart-beat. For the lover she loved in her fondest dream Was false as the glitter of brook and stream Oh, the wizard dwelt in a cave by the sea,

And a dreamer of dreams was he. Through phantasies sad and phantasies glad. He kept his joility;
"For a dream is a dream, and not life," quoth he,
"But love which is life ne'er a dream can be." Post-Nuptial. [S. A. Wood in New York Sun.] That still reflects enchanting dreams,
Come, dearest, sit by me tonight,
And banish thoughts of household themes,

Of perfect peace this is the goal, The sweet fulfilment of the joy,
That in the red, prophetic coal,
I pictured when a love-struck boy. A many-mooded girl were you In those delicious, virgin days, So mutable I hardly knew The way to woo, and wooed all ways. Your moods enhanced your charms to me; Be changeful still, I will not chide; Why should a sweetheart's fancies be

What if the dimple-hearted pinks Them in a richer bloom, methinks, Within the garden of your mind. You are diviner now, forsooth, When in the tropic heat of youth

May nobler inspiration spring
From love made perfect by the years:

Less captivating in a bride?

And may your laureate live to sing Songs more delightful to your ears. Tread Soft, O Fate (Hannah More Kohaus in the Inter-Ocean.) Her eyes are wide open, her glance is free.

For her heart still sleeps. They say she's the fairest among the fair; That sunbeams revel amid her hair; That the rose and the lily beneath them play,

And a dower of pearls 'twixt corals lay,
Yet her heart still sleeps. The thoughts of the angels companion her now And only their light is upon her brow; No shadow of care on her face you see, Nor love's emotions of ecstasy, For her heart still sleeps.

Yet oft I fancy that in her dream She hears a whisper, or catches a gleam,
That suddenly startles a roseate glow,
But it passes away, and she does not know,
For her heart still sleeps. And then foreboding will quickly suggest, To guard her from rousing to love's unrest;
But that were a pity, for then she would
Miss the crowning glory of womanhood,
For her heart still sleeps.

Will it wake I wonder, to grief or bliss: And who will give her the waking kiss?
Whose hand will untangle sleep's silken thread,
And the world, newly made, before her spread? For her heart still sleeps. o fate! tread soft, as her slumber you break

'Tis a sacred task youth's dream to awake: Tread tenderly soft, as the night-dews fall,

BANKS AND BUTLER.

Gath on New England in Congress.

The Study of the East, Still the Study of the United States.

Notes About Hoar, Edmunds, Dawes, Morrill and Chandler.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 22.- New England in Congress probably does not receive as much attention as 20 years ago, when Charles Sumner was in the Senate, Henry Wilson a prominent committeeman, Fessenden or Morrill of Maine in the cabinet, Hamlin vice-president or senator, Anthony in charge of the printing records and young Edmunds coming rapidly forward to be more than the match for his colleague,

But New England is still eminent here. It has in Blaine the chief of the cabinet, in Edmunds the principal master of senator-ship, in Hoar and Blair and Chace oldfashioned types of the Yankee character.

ship, in Hear and Blair and Chace old fashioned types of the Yankee character. Wherever you see a New Englander in the army or navy you will find a man worth stopping to ask a second question of. In the disciplined habits of the art of learning and governing, nothing can beat that staid old character which has find to consult ways and means for 270 years.

The study of New England is still the study of the United States. If you turn westward, still you behold New England, or, to apply the words of Benton, as he looked west to and beyond Kansas, "There is the East! There is Europe!" The supposed errors of the time, which arise out of the multiplication of wealth and incidental communism or criticism, are all illustrated in New England.

It is the principal passion of a Southern grl here to marry a man from Connecticut or Massachusetts.

In the House of Representatives there is a possible talling off in the effulgence of the New England representation. This arises from the aggressive quantities having been weeded out by a change in the home conditions and views.

Here you see Gen. Banks with a mild and agreeable face his dark blue eyes and his white hair giving the

Appearance of Blue Birds

Appearance of Blue Birds

under the snow thatch. As a speaker of Congress he had a basso power, not merely of the voice, but of the countenance which extricated the floor from a tangle and commanded attention, and whoever looked up into that face when he made an explanation, thought again and drew off from the hullaballoo.

drew off from the hullaballoo.

I recollect the first time I ever saw Banks was near Cedar Mountain battlefield, lying on his back asleep, with his hands folded upon his breast. The mustache, the decided New England features, the look of dignity and rest on the face made me think that he was going to turn out an important general. Lut in the lottery of war nobody knows who will reach the conclusion first.

In the course of time Butler dispossessed Banks, so to speak, in the mastery of that House of Representatives, the thunderbolt of the war. Butler's quick method of thinking and suggesting and writing having made him for the time the idol of the radical faction.

radical faction.
Yet politics, like art, is long, and here is
Banks back in Congress, returned as
an act of clemency and consideration.
They say that his mind is comparatively
feetle, and that he requires to be sustained by his wife or some one in a conversation. We talk about dishonesty in politics, and yet behold this man who was speaker of Congress a Third of a Century Ago

worth not one cent more perhaps than if he had stuck to his factory loom as a bobbin boy or something of the kind. Upright men, however, who are not plagued with the money passion generally live out their the money passion generally live out their days, and Banks looks in this new swarm of representatives like a placid infant which had been born white haired.

Butler has left more monuments in Washington city than Banks. The big granite house here where President Arthur for a time resided will long be a feature of the capital grounds. In the construction of the public buildings of Washington the influence of Gen. Butler was always notable. He took hold of material things like a merchant and even as a lawyer was a good deal of a merchant of the Sam Barlow class. In the end, however, his retaliation had the effect to overthrow him and I sometimes see one or two of Butler's old enemies turn up in Washington, like Farnsworth of Illinois, who was cavalry officer in the war and was a member of Congress and resides in Washington though he has

in the war and was a member of Congress and resides in Washington though he has long been out of Congress, or Charles Foster of Ohio, who claimed that Butler endeavored to revolutionize his district on account of some spat in Congress. They all reached the reasonable conclusion of their ambition. Foster, too, has been governor of a State and had a double term, which Butler has not.

Mr. Dawes is one of the abiding and never very forward personages about Congress.

very forward personages about Congress. I can remember when he was a sort of Boanerges in the House of Representatives

can remember when he was a sort of Boanerges in the House of Representatives and attacked appropriations as the parer down of excesses. But in these days there is left only one man to pinch the pennies in appropriation bills and that is Holman of Indiana. Holman has considered that the same generation is now abroad which lived in the time of the Wrights and the old farmer class of statesmen.

When Mr. Emory Smith was sent as minister to Russia last week I remembered the fact that I went to Dawes' house in Pittsfield in the early seventies, and there saw with his son Robertor Bob Cook of Pittsburg, a notable person in the college boat races. He is now the son-in-law and editor of the Philadelphia Press, having relieved Mr. Smith, for Mr. Cook has married the daughter of Mr. Wells, who ownes the Press. How times change.

George Hoar may be somewhat compared to Senator Edmunds in a certain retreating from prominence by reason of peculiar and perhaps, recondite qualities in both. Had Edmunds been more

A Man of the Multitude he would have been an almost adored leader, but such powers of sharp analysis as his, and of cold hesitancy at the breach in the time of attack, do not comport with fiery championship. George Hoar is proba bly a more spontaneous man, and I heard Mr Summer refer to him with great confidence as the man who would be his successor in the Senate. Hoar at one time threatened to become a prominent man in his party, when he presided over the convention which nominated Garfield, and at Blaine's nomination four years later held in the party ranks without indulging in the sardonic. For some reason, however, Mr Hoar does not lie near the surface of any

As time rolls on Mr. Edmunds seems to As time rolls on Mr. Edmunds seems to become more an individual and Hoar more of a mere essence lacking the attachments which should adhere to public life. Neither of these men has encouraged newspaper writers, and the public quickly loses sight of a man who falls out of the presspotice. In the case of both these gentlemen their retirement from the public sight would appear to be the fault of their want of faith in the newspaper. I little expected ever to know Charles Sumner well, but bnew when he got into a strife

With Grant and Fish he sent a man to me to come and see him. and from that time to his death, no matter what he did, I held a reciprocal feeling about him, and could account and apologize for what others criticised.

About the oldest senator here is Mr. Morril of Vermont; he has a plain sufficient residence in a good quarter of the city, and there is a little resemblance between his old age and that of Sumner in appearance, especially about the hair. Not much is seen of him, and it is supposed that his faculties are getting rather cloudy. much is seen of him, and it is supposed that his faculties are getting rather cloudy. He has been here, however, a useful and honest personage all his days, sincere in his views, not bending before public clamor, and never too much haunted by ambition. The New Hampshire senators. Blair and Chandler, are now toward the vale of years. Their youthful encounters, as when Chandler helped to overthrow John P. Hale, may now remind them of the quality of mercy which is too much strained in youth. Chandler has always been an active, somewhat fidgety, but smart and prudent quantity. dent quantity.

George Alfred Townsend.

A Fussian's Letter.

[New York rath]

I subjoin a letter that is unique as a specimen of phonetic spelling. It was written by a Russian to a friend in this town, and is by a Russian to a friend m this town, and is supposed to be the purest Euglish. I commend it to the phonetic cranks that want to reform the spelling of our tongue, with the assurance that it is genuine:

Wityer plisz reid m hameni Wezsesz Mojn Broder god avik. Hidomoont raid me never, aj dontink dat higad elitel Moni, aj raid ir mojn broder dat aj Lajk tuzelin depiked from majsziszter mit majn broder of van pisz, end kidon vont szend for me, aj kudent no vou demede. Plisz telem dat, prod ter maj Sziszter na d mi of jo ken. aj kudent no vokuster ea d mi of jo ken. Keisn em fir ju n dat big Sziti, ekszkjuzmi, ajkudun rajd mah. Yuhr Frend.

my brother gets a week. He don't want to write me never. I don't think that he got a little money. I write for my brother that I'd like to see the picture from my sister, with my brother in on siece, and I don't want to send for me. I couldn't know what is the matter. Please tell him that, and, for my sister, write me if you can alsa 'em for you in that big city. Excuse me. I couldn't write more. Your friend.

AT MIDNIGHT; OR. A SAVING SIN.

uncle's ring for the engagement.

Before he quite thought the matter over thoroughly he was half way to the vault, with the key of it in his hand, bent on

the ring would not come off, the finger must. Then he would cross the other hand over it. After all, it could do mo good to Uncle Pellicoe to molder into dust, with a Uncle Pellicoe to molder into dust, with a When I told him you were out with young When I told him you were out with young the light of the property of couple of thousand dollars' worth of jewelry

Uncle Pellicoe to molder into dust, with a couple of thousand dollars' worth of jewelry shut up in his cottin.

Peleg set the lantern close to the coffin and began to cut softly. The razor went in thought he was. He shuddered and shrank back. In a moment he had nerved himself to go on; but as he turned toward the cottin a pair of hands were stretched toward him, one of them dripping with blood. A voice shrieked something. He was clutched closely, and cottin, lantern, himself and what he supposed to be a ghost tumbled to the ground together.

He was on his feet in a moment. So was the ghost after him. He climbed the ghost ran after him. He climbed the ghost ran after him. He climbed the church yard wall. The ghost attempted it, failed, and was tottering to the earth when so phost, but a real man, and came back again.

"Oh, Uncle Pellicoe," he said, "be you alive?" said Uncle Pellicoe. "I'm bleedin' awful."

"It was adjust, and she had loitered the whole morning on the beach. Among the rocks, with one for an armchair and one for a footstool, she had watched the greatgreen, white-crested breakers, and dreamed of him who was far beyond them. When would he come? When would she make atonement for the wrong that she and Fate had done lim?

Suddenly she heard a footstep. She looked

ger plastered up.

The mews spread. Reporters from several papers arrived before noon, and Uncle Pellicos would have been interviewed in his bed but for the doctor's mandate to the contrary.

As it was, Peleg saw all comers, and this is

As it was, Peleg saw all comers, and this is the story he told:

"I was a lying on my bed, a looking at the moon and shedding a few natral tears for my poor Uncle Pellicoe that had left me everything, when I kinder thunk I hearn a voice sayin', 'Rise up, Peleg!' So up I riz. I looked about me, but I saw nothin'. But I heered the voice—'Peleg! Peleg!' Mighty me!' says I, 'what does it mean?' And I jest put on my things and took a lantern down as if it was market day, and the voice comes again:

down as if it was market day, and the voice comes again:

"Peleg, 'It says, 'Peleg, go to the family vault and open your Uncle Pellicoe's cothin and cut his ninger with a razor for to see if he is dead.'

"So I says: 'Yes, I will.' sez I. 'It's a fearful trial.' sez I; 'but I will.'

"So I goes.

"Itakes the razor, and I goes. I opens the vault, and I goes in—the voice before me—and I unscrews the coffin. sees uncle a-smilln' in his old benevolent way, and cuts his finger. In a minit blood flows. Up he jumps, throws his arms about me, and I carried him to the doctor's. Here he is alive and gotten well. Glory be to thankful!"

HARD ON CUPID. [Flavel Scott Mines in Puck.]

Ah me! the march of Progress Is driving Love from hence, For how can parting lovers talk Across a barb-wire fence? No swinging gate to lean on, No high fence with its bars, Which seemed to shut out Eden, Where two eyes gleamed bright as stars.

Ah me! the march of Progress Exiles the great log fire. Exies the great log fire,
The stove severe and blackly grim
Can no fair thoughts inspire,
The tallow dip is fated—
Gas in its place burns bright;
The candle had an end some time,
But the gas will burn all night.

Made sail give way to steam, No time is left for courting Upon the steamers fast— You meet a maid—scarce know her, When, behold! she journey's past.

Has brought the railroad car; More encharting was the stage-coach, With its jumble and its jar. As the train speeds swiftly onward It suggests unrest and strife— You have no time left for loving, You have scarcely time for life.

And now the march of Progress An idol has o'erthrown through the streets of ev'ry village And the porch has lost its romance
Through the balmy summer nights.

A Philadelphia Girl's Queer Freak

What funny creatures some girls are. I eard the other day of a young woman who ves in one of the swellest parts of Philadelphia who calmly and deliberately practices before a looking-glass what she should do in case of fire. Her robe de nuit is a do in case of fire. Her robe de nuit is a very charming confection, and beside her bed is placed a delightful gown of softest and thickest wool, lined with quilted satin. with a pretty pair of high fur-lined boots to match. With these dainty garments she has a hood, also fur-lined, for, perish the thought, she wears curl papers and must, therefore, shield her lovely head. The operation of quickly hopping out of her bed into the shoes, and at the same time drawing on the wrapper and hood is accomplished in an incredibly short space of time, and then she rushes frantically to the window and allows her imagination to run riot in the way of hissing engines, frantic, rubber-encased firemen and excited crowds; after this mental exercise she takes a caramel perhaps, gets out of her becoming "fire-escape" and retires to her nest with the proud consciousness of duty accomplished.

How Tippo Tib Got His Name. [Herbert Ward in Scribner's Magazine.]

Hamad Ben Mohammed-Tippo Tib-accompanied Mr. Stanley down the Lualaba to the seventh cataract in 1876. The origin of the latter sobriquet is peculiar. It was applied to him by the people at Kansango. n consequence of their hearing the sharp, distant rattle of the bandits' guns when on some of their slave-catching excursions. Will you please write me how many wages! The crack of the rifle-shot sounded in their ling distinctness)

ears lke "tip-tip-tip." Another name that has been given to this remarkable that has been given to this remarkable man, on the eastern side of Central Africa is M'Kango Njaa"—"Afraid of Hunger"—for the natives in the famine-stricken regions declare that that is the only enemy of which Hiamad, with his large caravans traversing their barren country, is in dread. This man's life for the past 30 years has been one constant succession of adventures. He is at the present moment the strongest and most formidable ruler in the Congo regions of equatorial Africa.

THE PEARL.

It was the night after Uncle Pellicee died that his heir Pelez sat up in bed thinking what a shame it was that the old man should have been laid away in the family vault with a beautiful ring on his finger.

Peleg was engaged to Miss Peyser, and he thought what a saving it would be to get thought what a saving it would be to get the engagement. at receiving it.

A few weeks later Laura's brother said: "What does make you flirt so outrage-ously? If I was Ned I wouldn't stand it." "But you'd have to stand it. brother," said the young lady, her face flashing and with the key of it in his hand, bent on securing the jewel. He had no trouble in getting admittance, and, somewhat in awe, he proceeded to open the coffin.

Uncle Pelliceo only seemed asleep. The hand with the ring upon it was crossed outside the other; the ring was still immovable, but Peleg was prepared for this. He had brought a razor in his pocket. It the ring would not come off, the finger must. Then he would cross the other hand

"Oh. Uncle Pellicoe," he said, "be you alive?"
"I be," said Uncle Pellicoe. "I'm bleedin' awful."
"Come to the doctor," said Peleg. "I'll carry you. Oh. Lord, you was buried alive! Oh, 'twas inspiration led me to go to your tomb. I says to myself, uncle is alive. So I come and took a razor to you. That allers bring folks tu, if they aren't real dead."
"Does it?" gasped Uncle Pellicoe, as he was dumped on the doctor's porch while Peleg bellowed: "Doctor, doctor!" at the top of his lungs.

The doctor came down. There was a great commotion. The dead-alive was put to bed, fed with restoratives and the cut on his finger plastered up.

The news spread. Reporters from several the late of business.

Sentember, and would she make atonement for the wrong that she and Fate had done in it.

Sindenly she heard a footstep. She looked up, and there stood Will. She knew atonce that something was wrong.

"What is it, Will?" she said. "Do tell me! Is it anything about Ned? I can bear it only tell me."

Will put a newspaper in her hand and she read:

"Died, at St. Petersburg, July 10, Edmund Frelinghuvsen of Boston."

Then the brother took his stricken sister in his arms, and lifted her to the sand, and then the two went slowly to the hotel.

The next morning that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong that she and Fate had done in the wrong the wrong.

Will put a newspaper in her hand and the properties i

"Will, what's that we do." said Will, whose nerves were steadied by the dead man's natural address. "You died in St. Petersburg. What are you here for?"

"That was my cousin, poor Ned—as good a fellow as ever breathed. Where's Laura?"

They went into the little office together.

They went into the little office together, and the late customer is fond of saying to his friends that he "never heard just such a scream as that lady did give. It was joy and fright and surprise all mixed up. you see; enough to make a feller wish he was in that feller's place."

SPLITTING DIAMONDS.

They Have a Grain Like a Piece of Coral or Other Minerals.

New York Mail and Express. "Do you know that a diamond has a grain or cleavage just the same as a piece of wood, mineral or crystalline substance?"

could score a point over the late lamented Macedonian leader. In other words, he has found a new world to conquer.

Jim came up from Portland to Bridgeton a few days ago, in the interest of a carpet and paper house, and briskly "did" the place. Among the marts he visited was Angel Harmon's general variety store. Mer.

a few days ago, in the interest of a carpet and paper house, and briskly "did" the place. Among the marts he visited was Ansel Harmon's general variety store. Merchant Harmon has a local reputation for Yankee knack of disposing of second-hand or low priced goods of any description, as well as of prime articles, so Jim tried to sell him a job lot of oil carpets.

After chaffering awhile, the storekeeper offered him within two cents per yard his price for the goods. But our runner refused to budge a particle. Still he lingered by loath to depart bootlessly. Pensively, too, his possible customer dwelt upon the theme. The outcome of all which was, the two not only wrestled with the problem, but literally wrestled out a trade. And this is how twas done:

Messrs. Walker and Harmon solemnly agreed in the presence of witnesses, to go out into the street and wrestle at arms' length: if the trader threw the drummer two times out of three he was to have the goods at two cents discount; if, per contra, the drummer downed the merchant twice out of three trials he was to pay him his full price.

So they promptly repaired to the middle of the street in front of the store. By this time a small crowd of spectators had rallied to see the fun. But the fun was quickly over, for although the trader was strong in muscle, the drummer was not only a little the heavier, but wiry and quick, and the

muscle, the drummer was not only a little the heavier, but wiry and quick, and the result was the former was laid upon his back twice in succession so swiftly and em-phatically that he fancied the universe was out of joint.
The crowd shouted, and Harmon, picking

himself up, exclaimed:
"I'll take the goods at your figures. Now take the order and get out of here as quick's the Lord'll let ye!"

Nice Mathematics. [Albany Journal.]

"And now, children," remarked Prof. Hailes in one of the public schools the other day, "if a family consisting of father and mother and seven children should have a pie for dinner, how much would each one

"Why," remarked the bright boy, "each would get an eighth."
"But there are nine persons, you must remember."
"Oh, I know that; but the mother wouldn't get any. There wouldn't be enough to go around."

[New York Ledger.] having carried Mahomet in four leaps from Jerusalem to Mecca, seven miles an hour is the camel's gait; nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is five miles an hour-a slow pace, beyond which shaded moire ribbons repeating the colors miles an hour—a slow pace, beyond which it is dangerous to urge it, lest, as Asiatics say, it might break its heart and die literally on the spot. When a camel is pressed beyond this speed, and is spent, it kneels down, and not all the wolves in Asia will make it budge again. The camel remains where it kneels, and where it kneels it dies. A fire under its nose is useless.

Not Sold in Job Lots.

[Atlanta Constitution.]
"I found, the other day, a drummer who had been on the road three years and had made only one sale," he said, as he leaned over the cigar case.

Nobody believed him.

"What did he sell?" asked the whiskey

drummer. "Suspension bridges." Significance of the Day.

[Westboro Tribune.]
Westboro lady (trying to explain Christmas to the young idea; time, the Sunday before that event)—Now, children, whose birthday do we celebrate this week? Westboro tot (positively and with start-ling distinctness)—Mine!

REDFERN PRINCESS GOWN without suggesting even a tendency to

Made for Maud of Wales From a Special Pattern.

Waterproof Cown of Tartan Design Made for Victoria of Wales.

Rage This Season. This issue of THE SUNDAY GLOBE contains another instalment of Redfern's latest

novelties, the drawings and descriptions of

A Driving Coat That Will Be All the

which were prefaced by the great habitmaker himself. Arrangements have been made whereby the latest London and Paris fashions will be laid before the readers of THE GLOBE. Descriptions and drawings of these fashions will not appear in any other paper in New England, and readers of The SUNDAY

recent and notable European designs. Today Redfern, among other attractions presents a country gown made by him for Princess Maud of Wales. His description is as follows:

GLOBE will thus have the first and only accurate information concerning the most





Victoria Tartan Gown.

This sketch represents a very smart gown of waterproof cloth in one of the l'artan designs new so fashionable, as made by me for the Princess Victoria of Wales. The skirt is cut in a severely simple fashon the draperies being held together on As a matter of fact, and in spite of its is cut in a acket shape and made to fasten



Made for a Washington Belle. Another gown which I have just com pleted for a well-known Washington belle is made of Lincoln green cloth, with panel in skirt, cuffs, vest and revers of tan-colored cloth braided in a bold design with one of those effective mixtures of sign with one of those effective mixtures of green and gold cords, which form so successful a specialty of my establishment. This braiding, which is executed entirely by hand, seems peculiarly suitable as a trimming for our garments, being handsome, durable and susceptible of almost endless variation.

A very becoming hat of dark green straw in the Portland shape, trimmed with ribbon or velvet and ostrich tips, gives a stylish finish to this costume.

REDFERN.

MUTINY. BY R. S.

Capt. Grele of the homeward-bound ship Cricket was a tyrant. His repeated acts of cruelty had driven certain of his crew to desperation. Among the hands was an elderly man named Dole, who had a beautiful daughter named Grace aboard. Dole had engaged to work out his daughter's and his own passage. He was not of much use

as a seaman, but he was loyal. Carl Morrel, another of the crew, had been taken into the confidence of the discon-tented seamen on account of his superior knowledge and fine presence.

By a mere accident Grace Dole and Mrs.

Grele had heard a conversation in which a ringleader named Blake had determined to scuttle the ship. Through Carl Morrel's tact and Gracie's bravery the scheme was frustrated for the time being.

Fresh acts of cruelty on the part of Captain Grele stung the men to fury, and in secret conclave they resolved to put their de-

Princess Mand of Wales Gown.

This costume is made in a heavy striped heather tweed, in a mixture of brown and white. The plain full skirt is slightly draped on the hips, and arranged on either side with large square pockets.

Near the hear it is ornamented with some the process of the state of the water pouring some the side with large square pockets.

Near the hear it is ornamented with some the state of the state o

Soon the hem it is ornamented with several rows of fine stitching.

The bodice is made in the "Norfolk" jacket shape, with three pleats back and front, and a waist belt of brown leather. which has a small flap pocket on the left side, useful for change, takets, etc.

The hat is of the same uncrushable cloth as that of which the gown is made.

Dole raved like a madman. Include that he should be thought guilty of scuttling the ship, almost set him crazy. "Ay, there's the old lubber's work!" ex-claimed Greie. as with downward plunge the ship now disappeared beneath the sur-"Papa is not guilty." cried Grace vehemently. "he would never do such a deed." Next morning early the boats were along-jide the Liverpool dock.

Dole then was torn from the embrace of his weeping daughter and led off by several cough-looking police officers.

"Come with us," said Mrs. Grele, taking the girl's arm; "you shall at any rate have home—"
"No." interrupted Grele, "the daughter of a criminal must not remain an instant in my house."
Indignant and grief-stricken, Grace, turning away, followed after her father.
She had not proceeded far when she was overtaken by the young sailor, Carl Morrel, who litted his cap respectfully.
"Miss," said he, "I feel sure that your father is innocent, and I shall endeavor to prove it."

father is innocent, and I shall endeavor to prove it."

"Thank you," she answered; "I shall always remember your kindness."
She reached the police station just as the officers were taking her father in. and her petition to see him that day was refused. She moved sadly away, took lodgings with an old widow, and a few days later heard that her parent was being tried.
Blake and his accomplices perjured themselves, circumstances were against the old man, and the jury, deeming the proof sufficient to convict him, he was pronounced guilty.

guilty.

He was sentenced to be hanged and was taken off to await the day for his execution. The day at length was drawing near, when one evening the indefatigable Carl Morrel came upon a man who had fallen from a ship's foreyard and almost broken his neck. ock.
It man proved to be Blake, who, now
he was dying, made a full confession
s guilt and the way he had wronged the old man,
Carl communicated with a magistrate,
and a pardon for Dole was obtained unknown to Grace, who one morning saw Carl
and her father enter the room at her ledgng-place. The joy of the girl may be imagined when she heard the good news. She kissed her old parent again and again, and wept tears of gladness upon his bosom. I have only to add that Grace subsequent-ly married Carl Morrel, who made her a

INDIANS IN MAINE

A Visit to the Pleasant Pointers.

Living in a Pretty Village as Quietly as White Felks.

Their Means of Subsistence—Good Base Ball Material.

When a man has bought a fancy basket

two sections, one living at Pleasant Point, n the town of Perry, and the other at Lewis Island, 30 miles beyond.

I recently visited the Pleasant Point eople. There are 489 of them, including women and children, and they occupy 100

acres of land on a very picturesque point

which projects into the water at about that locality where the Calais river ends and locality where the Calais river ends and Passamaquoddy bay begins.

Both the Penobscots and the Passamaquoddys sprang from the Algonquins over two centuries ago, and the Pleasant Point Indians had a large tract of land alloted to them at that time. The State of Massachusetts afterward bought all their land, except what they now occupy, but with remarkably good judgment, instead of paying the Indians the cash, made a sort of fund of the purchase money and paid them the interest of the amount annually. When Maine was set off from Massachusetts and entered the union in 1820, it assumed the indebtedness and annually pays the Interest, which amounts to \$5000, and is divided equally

Among Fach Family.

Among Each Family. Pleasant point is in the township of Perry but as Eastport is a nearer as well as a much larger place, the Indians do their trading there, and can be seen on the streets every day. There is no local police force, and it is only at rare intervals that the Perry constable is obliged to visit the point officially.

The Indians have a governor and a lieu-tenant governor, which they elect every

tenant-governor, which they elect every two years, but these officials are practically figureheads; the present incumbents are Gov. Joseph Lola and Lieut.-Gov. Joseph Gov. Joseph Loia and Lacut-Gov. Joseph Sabattis.
While the citizens of Eastport do not crave the society of the Pleasant point Indians, they have respect for them, and consider them useful, law-abiding and respectable people. Most of them are well known, and always receive cheerful greetings as they traverse the wooden sidewalks of the border town. One of the Water street merchants, who has extensive dealings with the red men, said, in reply to my query:

They are sober, industrious, law-ablding people. They are honest in the extreme, and I had rather trade with them than with many white people I know. They have enough to eat, drink and wear, and the educated as that of many small towns in New England."

New England."
Some 10 years ago Bishop J. A. Healey began to take a strong interest in the Indians. He found that although they were far from being as bad as the man evidently considered all Indians, who said "The only good Indian is a dead Indian," they were not as industrious as they should be that their morals were not above reproach, and that in the sale of their baskets the white men were taking great advantage of the Indian's proverbial

Lack of Business Sagacity.

The bishop, with the co-operation of one of Eastport's business men, revolutionized the basket trade so that in a short time just 100 per cent. better prices were received than formerly; he agitated the temperance question so that now nearly every one ance question so that now nearly every one on Pleasant point is a total abstainer; he reorganized the school system, replaced the
single itinerant white man who taught six weeks at a time with two sisters of mercy
who teach 26 weeks a year and who are unremitting in their efforts to improve their
dusky skinned pupils spiritually as well
as mentally. In the two departments,
grammar and primary, there are about 90
pupils, and the average attendance is 80.
Grammar, arithmetic, writing, reading. idoth fast, these men showed the most consternation.

"It's no use," said the captain, "the craft must go down. Clear away the boats!"

While this was being done. Dole, who had with mental music is taught by an Eastport insent factors, and the grain in must be seen mentions. There is an organized brass band of looked to be severed that as a s'olcious look. Dole's coming up in that may!"

"Ah!" ejaculated Grale, fiercely, "The old man was arrested by marines, Much excited, ne excite

week and twice each Sunday in the little white chapel.

The first Indians I saw was when, in company with "Dave" Loring, the genial photographer, I was forcing a white horse through the muddy environs of Eastport, bound for Pleasant point. They were two old squaws, both loaded with baskets, and one was puffing away vigorously at a new T. D. pipe. They both smiled and returned our greeting, and continued along the plank walk toward the town.

Half an hour later we pulled up at the toll keeper's cottage and paid the nickel a head fee for the privilege of crossing the long bridge that connects the mainland with Moose island, on which

Eastport is Situated. As we drove up the hill on the other side. my companion pointed out the Indian vil-

have in the average country village. The indians did not pause in their work to look at us; the windows were not

Full or staring Humanity;
no woman ran'to the doors to watch us in open-mouthed astonishment, and when we alighted and tied the white horse to a lampost midway between the chapel and school-house at the foot of the street the score of louse at the foot of the street the score of Indians who were near did not congregate

poises, try out the oil, and sell it for 85 cents a gallon."
"Why do you both shoot and spear them?"
"If we kill a porpoise he sinks and we lose him, so we shoot trying to injure him so we can get near enough to spear him."
"How much oil do you get from a fish?"
"Three gallons on an average."
"Are they plenty?"
"We usually get two or three in an afterabout us.

The lieutenant-governor's house being near at hand I went to it, and making my way through a turnin field. "cross lots." approached the back door. Thinking it proper to knock at the front door, I started for that part of the building where I thought it might be, but made a full lap around the house and returned to the starting point without being able to find it, Mrs. Lieutenant-Governor informed me that the Governor was in Augusta and that her busband was over to Eastport, but would return soon; "Are they plenty?"

"We usually get two or three in an afternoon."

"I suppose your people farm it a little?"

"Oh, yes: we raise about all the potatoes
we use, and a good many other vegetables."

The sun was casting its last rays over the
water: and bidding Lieut. Gov. Sabattis
goodby, we turned the white horse's nose
homeward and took our leave.

The lover of romance may be disappointed
that the Indians do not use a bow and arrow
instead of a maul, and that they wear overalis and jumpers instead of garments of
skins worked with colored beads; but to the
thinking reader it will be a source of gratification for he will contrast the social and
political condition of the country of three
decades ago to that of the present, when
the people of the North, South, East and
West, white, black and red, irrespective of
creed or color unite in forming the beople
of the fairest and most prosperous country
on the face of the earth.

JOHN Z. ROGERS. was over to Eastport, but would return soon; so I started back across the turnip field and persuaded a young man who was mauling a When a man has bought a fancy basket for his spouse or best girl from an Indian at Bar Harbor. Old Orchard or Kennebunkport, or a woman has "crossed the paim" of some old squaw with silver and had his or her fortune told in return, such may have wondered where the copper-colored basket makers come from, or how they live and maintain an existence during the cold winter months.

There are in New England two tribes of Indians, both in Maine, the Penobscots, in Oldtown, and the Passamaquoddys, in the extreme eastern part of the State.

The Passamaquoddys are divided into two sections, one living at Pleasant Point,



PETER SABATTIS.

mandarin, ogre, auriculas, polyanthuses, etc. When they had finished reciting the junior sister joined us, and no sooner was her back turned than a perfect fusilade of "spit-balls" announced the fact in a truly civilized manner, and the regular exercises were laid aside.
I inquired of the sister, "Do the Indians

English Language Chiefly?" "Oh, no. They can all speak English, but they converse among themselves in the Passamaquoddy tongue, especially the

older ones."

"Do the pupils show any decided proerence for any particular study?"

"Yes, they take as a whole much more
interest in arithmetic and geography,
especially geography, than in any other
studies, although they give evidence of
being greatly interested in physiology, which
we are just beginning to teach in an
elementary manner by means of charts."

"I understand that the Indians are great
ey hall players."

"A very fond of the game."
hall players."

"A very fond of the game."
hall players a very fond of the game."

"And a young and old
while they all sympathized who will be delived the girl, and young and old
mourned her loss.
At last the captain headed the ship on
her course.
She reached her destined port a week
later. Dane, the mere shadow of what he
had been, in form and face, was leaning
over the rail, when a boat was seen approaching. It contained two persons—a girl
and a young man, besides the oarsmen. The
captain gave a wild cry as the boat drew

one game?"
"Thirteen, in a game where 32 men came to the bat."
"How close a game did you ever play?"
"Last summer. 7 to 6."
"And your side beat, I suppose?"
"Yes." said he, with a smile.
Bidding the sixters goodby, and thanking. "Yes," said he, with a smile. Bidding the sisters goodby and thanking hem for an invitation to call again I joined little group near the chapel and met oel Socobasin, the champion all-around tulete, who can clear II feet at pole aulting. Pater Mitchell, the champion

should send an agent down to Pleasant Point to procure some young blood.

Just then an Indian drove by in his own team—a good horse and as fine a buckboard as I ever saw at Bar Harbor.

Peter Sabattis, a man of 77 and the Nimrod of the place, then sauntered up, smoking a short pipe, and I asked him what was his best trip of recent years.

"Bout eight years back me an' my partner went back 300 miles. Gone all winter. Shot and brought back skins of 11 caribou. 2 moose, 22 beaver, 40 sable and 20 minks." This story is well authenticated, and it was done with an old muzzle-loading gun that probably would act bring \$2 at auction.

Peter goes on a winter trip annually, and

mer on this account, and one day, in a fury of rage, tiung a huge block at the mate's head. The latter dodged it, and, to the father's horror, it struck his daughter, knocking her overboard.

Farrow, the first mate, whom the captain wished his daughter to marry, was too unnerved to rush to her rescue. Romer in the meantime had brought the ship about.

"Get the life preserver, Farrow! We must save her!" cried the agonized father, and the mate went aft for that purpose.

"Mr. Romer jumped overboard with it," said the cabin boy, as he looked in vain for the preserver. the preserver.

The boat being at last cleared and lowered, a long search in the mist and darkness was made for the girl, but she could not be "She is lost, and I am the cause of it!"

FROM THE DEEP:

A SLAVE OF PASSION.

It was natural that Richard Romer, the

second officer of the ship Norman, should fall in love with Capt. Dane's daughter

Dora, because they were thrown so much

together. The captain, who was a man

violent temper, often quarrelled with Ro-

mer on this account, and one day, in a fury

"She is lost, and I am the cause of it!" groaned the conscience-stricken father. Hours passed before he gave up the search. But when he returned to his vessel and learned that Romer had jumped overboard after Dora with the life-preserver, he indulged in a faint hope that he had succeeded, somehow, in saving her.

Morning came, and eager eyes were turned scrutinizingly over the waters and the shore.

But there was no sign either of the girl or her lover.

The captain headed a boat to land. It was carefully searched, but not a trace of the missing ones discovered.

"They never reached the shore. It is plain they are drowned!" cried the captain.

He went down into the cabin the moment he was back aboard the ship.

His grief was terrible to witness. He tore his hair, he wept and beat his breast with his fist.

His men thought he was losing his reason.

"I understand that the Indians are great ball players."

"Yes, they are very fond of the game."

"May I talk with one or two of the players if there are any here?"

"Certainly. Peter Dana and Horace Sieral, please step forward."

In response two boys of about 17 approached the desk. They informed me that there were three nines on the Pointfirst, second and third, respectively—and that they belonged to the second nine. Master Peter was a well put-up boy, and he did the twirling, while Master Horace covered the second bag. I asked Peter how many curves he controlled, and he replied:

"Three. The in, out and drop."

"How many have you ever struck out in one game?"

"Thirteen in a game where 32 men came."

"Thirteen in a game where 32 men came."

"Thirteen in a game where 32 men came."

over the rail, when a boat was seen approaching. It contained two persons—a girl and a young man, besides the carsmen. The cardian gave a wild cry as who to two measures as wild cry as who to wild rew nearer.

Could he believe his own eyes, or was the bight a deception of the mind?

No: for others also beheld what he did—both Dora and Romer, who were the two passengers in the boat.

The girl was soon in her father's arms. To the astonished witnesses of her and her lover's reappearance. she gave an account of her rescuse by the brave young man.

A minute later the two heard the sound of an approaching boat.

Romer shouted, and the boat came to them, but its occupants proved to be two Corean thieves or pirates, who after helping them in, threw themselves suddenly on the young man and made fast his wrists, after which they secured the girl in a similar manner. Romer, knowing well the character of the Coreans, at once comprehended that these people intended to make slaves of Dora and himself. After pulling a long distance they headed for the land, where twinkling lights indicated there were habitations. There was no light in the boat,

Tomah, the old instorian of the tribe, and who is noted for his legendary knowledge, and Selmo Sapiel, the leader of the brass band and

Catcher of the Queddy Ball Club of Eastport. Selmo was a fine, athletic looking fellow of about 20, and probably weighed 170 pounds.

If the Boston league club is scratching for new players as hard as it is said to be, I should send an agent down to Pleasant Point the procure some young blood.

Just then an Indian drove by in his own team—a good horse and as fine a buckboard as I ever saw at Bar Harbor.

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This story is well authenticated, and it was done with an old muzzle-loading gun.

He darted at one of the fellows and trived to loosen the knots of his thongs with his teeth.

He darted at one of the fellows and knocked him out of the bloat with a blow of his fib. The other sprang toward him with a dageer, but the young sailor, who had picked up the fallen man's oar, struck him on the head with a blow of his fib. The other sprang toward him with a dageer, but the young sailor, who had picked up the fallen man's oar, struck him on the head with a blow of his fib. The other sprang toward him with a dageer, but the young sailor, who had picked up the fallen man's oar, struck him on the head with it also knocking him to the sea. Having freed Dora, he then unter lead to not of the plows the fallen man's oar, struck him on the head with it also knocking him to the sea. Having freed Dora, he then unter lead to not the search of his sho, but in the mist and darkness, which hindered his seeing had picked up the fallen man's oar, struck him on the head with it also knocking him to the sea. Having freed Dora, he then unter lead by satray.

At last he fell in with a Dutch

old.

He now appreciated the worth of Romer, who, with all his moderation of manner. who, with all his moderation of manner, possessed much more spirit and true courage than could be claimed by the blustering first officer. Mr. Farrow.

The end of it was that the grateful father cheerfully gave Dora to her rescuer for a wife, and he was ever after a wiser man,

with his violent temper under good control

LEFT-HAND PAINTING. George Inness, the Landscape Artist's Novel Venture.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 22.-George Inness. the famous landscape painter, who resides in a beautiful residence at Montclair, a suburb of this city, is trying an experiment of great interest to his profession. While in a beautiful residence at Montelair, a suburb of this city, is trying an experiment of great interest to his profession. While alighting from a railroad train at Montelair a few weeks ago. Mr. Inness fell and broke his right arm. It was a bainful break, and he has had to carry the arm in a sling ever since. Just before the accident occurred, the famous Chicago millionnaire, commissions for some work, for which, by agreement, he is to receive \$12,000.

Mr. Inness did not want to lose the handsome reward, but he seemed to be utterly incapacitated for painting. The day after the accident he went into his studio, and while gazing at the easel, on which was marked out the labor in view, the artist concluded to make an experiment. He went to an empty easel and put a blank piece of canvas on it, then he sat down to see what he could do by holding the brush in his left hand. He painted awhile, but the effort was so trying and painful that he fainted.

As soon as he recovered he began practicing again. He only worked an hour at a time, and was careful not to over-exert himself. The result is most encouraging. While his left hand lacks the skill of the right, it is able to do fine work slowly but effectually and the artist has gone steadily to work on Mr. Palmer's commissions.

He Was a Stranger [Atlanta Constit

"Here's yer nice hot lunches. En' chicken 'n' biskets, fresh an' hot!" cried the well-known darky lunch vender, as the train stopped at Salt Springs.
"Is the chicken tender?" queried a portly gentleman, as he poked his head out at the window.
"Yearsely Vennes," tender, as," des.

[Hopkinsville (Ky.) Special in Cincinnati Enquirer.

errand to Augusta was to see why the annual supply of wood had not been delivered, of which each family is entitled to five teet.

Linquired as to the principal occupations of the largest commission ever paid an adollar weekly. Stud for new rates.



lage which was two miles distant in a bee Peter goes on a winter trip annually, and line, but five by the road. The Indians are is a great guide. He is the same Sabattis

not believers in the adage. "The longest who figured in an article on moose hunting way around is the shortest way home," for when visiting Eastport they paddle in their birch bark canoes across the sound and then walk three miles to town, thus saving half the distance.

In a recent issue of a leading magazine.

I asked him if he ever took any big men on a hunt, and he replied:
"Yes, yes; one man as big as you, with a stomach three times as big." (But he did good husband.

Not long ago Mr. Dole came into possession of a small fortune, left by a distant relative, and he now lives happy and contented with his daughter and son-in-law.

window.

"Yasaah. Young'n tender, an' des es sweet an' fat."

"Where do you get your chickens?"

"See here, boss, wha you fum?" asked the old darky, staring hard at the stranger.

"I'm from Michigan."

"Tought you wus strange in dese diggins."

"Why did you think so."

"Ca'se, boss, er w'ite gen'leman wat b'en borned down Souf here nuver axes er cullud person wey dey get dey chickens." A Good Bird-Eating Record.

Col. S. M. Starling, an aged citizen of this city, has recently been making a remarkable record in the line of bird-eating. On the first day of last October he began eating a bird every day, and up to the present time (131 days) he has not falled to eat one every day. He says they taste as palatable as at first, and most of them were quail. He is 85 years old and delicate, but intends to continue eating his bird every day. NEW RATES TO AGENTS.

No matter what your occupation is, you

HOWARD'S LETTER

Question: "What Shall I Do to Live?"

Luxury for the One, Starvation for the Other.

A Human Problem for Which Society Has No Remedy.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.-While the dominies are endeavoring to answer the biblical conundrum "What shall I do to be saved." men of the world are compelled, day in and day out, to answer the question put to them by the under dogs of existence. "what shall

It is a very lonely week that doesn't bring to me several letters from strangers out of town, young men generally, now and then young women, asking what the chances are for employment and preferment in New York city. Not a day passes that aid, advice, letters, assistance are not asked, very, very often by strangers.

of a morning newspaper for two typewriters, directing them to appear at the office of a lawyer on Wall street. Before 10 o'clock in the morning of the day of publication. 65 young women called in answer to the humbug notice. On 19th street, just beyond my neighbor's door, is a milliner or dressmaker. As I walk my study floor I see on occasions

Not Less than a Hundred Girls. ranging in years from 15 to 50, procession ally entering and emerging from the milliner's house. It appears that she needs occasionally extra girls, and advertises with

Every politician, every man of prominence, is besiege | day in and day out by reputable men who want work. What are we to do?

These people are here and they must live Very many of them have families, all of them need food and shelter and clothes to wear, and the problem has assumed such proportions as to call attention first, to the absolute necessity of its solution, and sec ond to the absolute impossibility of its

You read in the morning papers a descrip tion of a dinner or a supper of a ball, at which a lady, conspicuous for her bad taste. wore diamonds and other jewels estimated in value at \$250,000, and in an adjoining lumn a sad story of a sparsely-clad woman found walking the streets at 3 in the morning, with her baby unnourished, stiff and dead with cold in the maternal arms. That was right here in New York.

We spend millions every year in charity of perfunctory benevolent associations, and our people are kind-hearted. Nevertheless,

ganized, sensitive, sunk. sunk until at last he has got to the point where he says. "What shall I do to live." He won't steal, he is too proud to beg, he can get no work, You know very well you won't hire a clerk in your store who is shabbily dressed, you know very well too how you hesitate to engage a man in any capacity whatever at the small salary you feel the post demands. Knowing that it won't be sufficient for the support of himself and his family, you con't want to be responsible for the man's

This great army of appealers for aid is made up not of poverty-stricken emigrants manual labor, young men who want to be clerks, who seek employment in the offices of various grades, who are competent to do the work of railroad companies in their freight offices, in express offices, in shipping houses. It is a mental strain, a heart tug, a leg weariness. If a man once loses his posi-

leg weariness. If a man once loses his position, it is a thousand to one that he won't get another. Now after a man has been out of employment for some time, after despondency has taken hold of him, when he has

Exhausted lugenuity with his landlord, when his promises are no longer of any avail even as makeshifts, when his borrowing capacity is gone, and he begins to feel that the face of society is turned, averted somewhat, there is developed in his breast an utterly baseless but potent hatred of society.

A man, presumably an acquaintance, although I couldn't blace him at all, called to see me the other day, and with great obsequiousness asked that I would give him a letter to a politician of note, whose pat ronaze was long since exhausted. I was very busy and answered him somewhat curtly, to the effect that I had no right to give any man a letter to the politician, a distribution of the present of introducing a stranger to him. He pressed him whereupon with imprecations profane and pronounced he slammed the door and pronounced he slammed the door and pronounced he slammed the deer the fort aw how weak atter all I was as a broth that red of society.

A man, presumably an acquaintance although I couldn't place him at all, called the see in the other day, and with great obsequitousness asked that I would give him as letter to a politician of note, whose pat ronage was long since exhausted. I was yet busy and answered him somewhat curtly, to the effect that I had no right to give any man a letter to the politician, a decrainly I would not take the liberty of introducing a stranger to him. He pressed him pronounced he siammed the does and had had now to he in this great man. Feeling this position, provided the wash as the protection of the point and the major of the point and the major of the point and the major of the point and I abrustive him our support of the politicians, a decrainly I would not take the liberty of introducing a stranger to him. He pressed him where proportioned he siammed the does and pronounced he siammed the does and had had any one of the point and I abrustive distinctions and the major of the politicians and the politicians and the major of the politicians and the politicians and the major of the politicians and the politicians and the politicians and the major of the politicians and the pol

A horse falls on Broadway, and in an instant a group of from 20 to 100 assembles and remains. Men hoist a safe from the sidewalk to an upper window, the entire proceeding witnessed by scores and sometimes hundreds of men who stand idly for hours. You advertise for a clerk, married, with first-class testimonials, expert in bookkeeping, salary \$400 or \$500 a year, and your mail is burdened by hundreds of answers.

A fool joker asked through the columns of a morning newspaper for two typosytiers.

shape, and wickedness in its most beastly

Sent to a church, called to a house of ill-fame, waiting in the hall of a banker. smoking in the liquor-drenched back room of a Bowery dive, he sees the good and the bad, and naturally prefers the latter. He smokes, he drinks, he chews, he consorts with rude boys of his own age or older, he with ride boys of his own age or older, he learns everything that the evil-minded can teach, and after three or four or five years of this apprenticeship is turned loose apon the world, untrained, unmethodical, unbusiness like, with habits tastes, for the gratification of which he must have money, and he joins this vast army of unemployed, wondering what under heavens he can do to live.

Well?

I was led to this train of reflection by a continuity of actice seekings, much of which comes from New England. It would be folly to deny in face of fact the infinite debt New York owes to the young men of New England who have come here in other days to seek the fortune they subse uently found. Our best writers, our most popular speakers, our most influential clergymen, our soundest merchants, are

Men of New England Origin. but while we point with national pride to

wholesale extension of the helpful hand is one thing, and the annoyance the bother of this everlasting question, put on every street corner, following the ringing of your doorbell, with messages to you in your office and importuned upon the streets—"What shall I do to live?" has, little by little, brought the community into two great classes,

The Beggars and the Annoyed.
Thousands of men refuse to give a cent to anybody save through organized channels. Every church has its special funds, all our organizations. Masonic, temperance, Father Mathew missions have their ways of helpfulness, and as a general answer to petitions for relief, that is perhaps common sense, "I prefer to give through organized channels." But that doesn't meet the case.

The shabby genteel, oh how they suffer. Put yourself in the case of a man followed by misfortune through life, delicately organized, sensitive, sunk, sunk until at last the has got to the point where it cannot join the rich, you don't want to join the rich, you don't want to join the poor, you can't with any sense of sections the poor, you can't with any sense of social life: where iten, you don't want to join the rich, you don't want to join the rich, you don't want to join the poor, you can't with any sense of social life: where iten, will you go. what will you do? You will spen dwhat little money you have in trying to get a situation, you will exhaust time and patience while seeking employment and the end will be eninety-five times in a hundred that you either go back or you sink.

I have no remedy.

What little one man can do in the way of help and comfort I try to do, and so do thousands of others, but I get very tired. My patience is often exhausted. I can imagine the more out her broom.

This great ham an it do woman at tempted to sweep out the ocean with her broom.

This great ham an it do breaks upon the shores of Manhattan Island, overruns its streets. nestles in its gutters, ficods its subveys, and when met with protest, has the open for the product of the produc

-that is a totally different problem—it is made up of men and women born here or determined to save the future immigrants who have lived here, who are willing to work and anxious for employment. It is long plundered the honest comers to this almost next to impossible to find work for land, and will make some one of our island men who are unsuited to heavy grades of adjacencies the port of entry. That downs

they have snarled are in good condition to bite at the first opportunity.

There are thousands of them here.
The police are embarrassed to know what to do with this class of men. They afford them accommodation in the station-houses, but those are the homeless who haven't even the semblance of external respectations. But the good folks of that perioditive them the semblance of external respectations, but the good folks of that perioditive twen the semblance of external respectations, but the good folks of that perioditive twen the semblance of external respectations, but the good folks of that perioditive twen the stage and second dations, but the good folks of that perioditive twen the stage and second dations, but the good folks of that perioditive twen t

of necessity their wives and children, if they are so unfortunate as to have such depending upon them.

Well, now, if it is hard for a man under these circumstances to get work, how much more if a woman? I don't care how good a sewer you are how industrious you may be you come to New York and seek unaided employment as a sewing woman, and see how next to impossible it is to obtain your object.

We are not discussing now the meagree pittance paid for work, the long hours, the eye exhaustion, the nerve unsetment, the muscle wearied—those are part and parcel of that unhappy lot, but we are discussing the impossible finding of anything which will solve this great problem, "What shall I do to live?"

And the classes are increasing.

We turn upon our streets every year an army of discharged messenger boys. no longer boys, or even lads, but young men, and young men of no trained business habits. The ordinary messenger boy is first put to work that he may aid his parents—poor people. That deprives him of his schooling, save in the great academy of nature. He becomes an adept in every species of artifice, cheating at both ends, his employer here, his employer's patron there. There is nothing unknown to him along

The Realm of Street Literature; his intellectual plummet sinks from the utmost stratum to the subsoil depths of depravity; he sees vice in its most alluring shape, and wickedness in its most beastly development.

Sentice of the day, the cells with the receipts still lighter and the season was very short. The following summer George Holland became lessee, but his luck was none of the best, and the place was abandoned for theatrical performances. The fact was that the tide hadset toward the upper part of the city, at least what was then the main bome of the wealthy, and even Bleecker street was inhabited by many very rich and fashionable people.

Next the old garden was used for the actors for him proposed the services of the great Swedish nightingale.

Next the old garden was used for the actors for him proposed

orchestra. In 1855 Castle Garden was turned over to In 1855 Castle Garden was turned over to the commissioners of immigration, and here came the natives of every clime under heaven. The feet of more than 10,000,000 people have trod the 1 oor of the old and venerable building. In 1876 a greater part of the building was destroyed by fire, but it was rebuilt at once and has been used as a landing place ever since.

Minhattan Club's New House. Change is indeed the order of the day, and buildings and localities share the general fate. Take, for instance, A. T. Stewart's marble morgue at 5th avenue and 34th street. What do you suppose that old hedgehog would have said if any one should have told him that his superb residence would have been rented for a club house, yet that's the fact. New York is a city of clubs, and the New Yorkers will never be club men; queer, isn't it, but a fact all the same. Hundreds of men belong to clubs they rarely visit. I belong to three in this city, and save on some festal occasion never think of going to any one of them. Ditto thousands. However, the Manhattan Club has hired the house for 21 years, and that fact is of itself one of the most but while we point with national pride to these developers successful, how impossible it would be to give statistics to the boys from New England which would differ from the statistics of the boys of any other section of the country. You know as well as I mercantile records show that of every hundred New York attempts in business 95 fail absolutely. Of the other five three are so so, one excellent and one exceptionally fine.

Why come here to take your chance of standing among the upper five? Your brains, your education will serve you as well in one place as in another. It is fair to assume that you have better opportunities state of itself one of the most remarkable events in connection with the history of the estate of the merchant prince. A. T. Stewart. When the latter died on April 10, 1876, he was supposed to be next to John Jacob Astor and Cormelius Vanderbilt the richest man in the United States. Since Mrs. Stewart's death. Oct 25, 1886, and in fact since Mr. Stewart's death, the mansion showed such little signs of life that it resembled more a costly mausoleum than a dwelling in the history of the estate of the merchant prince. A. T. Stewart. When the latter died on April 10, 1876, he was supposed to be next to John Jacob Astor and Cormelius Vanderbilt the richest man in the United States. Since Mrs. Stewart's death, the mansion showed such little signs of life that it resembled more a costly mausoleum than a dwelling in the history of the estate of the merchant prince. A. T. Stewart. When the latter died on April 10, 1876, he was supposed to be next to John Jacob Astor and Cormelius Vanderbilt the richest man in the United States. Since Mrs. Stewart's death. Oct 25, 1886, and in fact since Mr. Stewart's death to be next to John Jacob Astor and Cormelius Vanderbilt the richest man in the United States. Since Mrs. Stewart's death. Oct 25, 1886, and in fact since Mrs. Stewart's death to be next to John Jacob Astor and Cormelius Vanderbilt the richest man in the United States. Since Mrs. Stewart was accept

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sisted on having everything done just as his judgment dictated.

George Maxwell, the marble contractor, had trouble with his marble cutters, and was unable to supply the marble as rapidly as his contract called for. Stewart, as was his habit in all business transactions, insisted on imposing the penalty which Maxwell's failure to keep his contract involved. Stewart's action in this respect ruined Maxwell. He died of a broken heart, and his widow afterwards did scrubbing in the court house for a living. The bouse, which is of Corinthian design, is built of marble and iron entirely. No wood was used practically speaking, except i the doors, which are of rosewood. The floor beams are all of iron, and the staircases are of beautiful white Italian marble, of immense width, and are constructed in such a manner as to

DUTIES OF AMERICANS.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler on Citizenship.

Obey the Laws, Have Opiniens, Work for the Greatest Good.

It is Absurd to Speak of the Jews as a Nation.

In the Temple Adath Israel Sunday, Rabbi Solomon Schindler delivered another of his famous series of lectures, speaking n "Civic Duties." and eloquently referring to the grandeur of these United States.

to the grandeur, of these United States. Rabbi Schindler said:

The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States have brought about greater results than they framers of these two documents ever dared to dream of. They have made this country the grandest, the freest and the most property the grandest, the freest and the most property of these shores millions of people who had suffered from religious or political oppression elsewhere; they have given them an opportunity to live a human life and to develop whatever genius was within them; they have given the world a chance to be hold that men may disagree in their conception of God and in their religious views, and that they still may live peaceably to gether, and, respecting each other's private views, may work together effectively for the common weal. Never in the history of the world has the fact received a better demonstration than that the most different races, nationalities and creeds could be welded together into one great brotherhood than here upon American soil.

It is the first step towards gratitude to appreciate a boon, but graditude does not end there; it begins at this very point. In exchange for such girts we must offer an equivalent, The first duty of a citizen is obedience to law. Laws are therefully as a blody upon the road to prosperity. Their intention is to equalize all and to secure the greatest benefit to the largest numbers. In the endeavor to reach this it may happen that our individual desires are sometimes crossed and that what benefits the majority may be disagreeable to use personally, I is here where obedience becomes both a virtue and a duty. In countries in which the legislative affairs, the individual whom a median desires are sometimes crossed and that what benefits the majority may be disagreeable to use personally, I is here where obedience becomes both a virtue and a duty. In countries in which the legislative prover, or where the people have Merely a Counselling Votes in legislative affairs, the indivi

may be disagreeable to us personally. It is her where obedience becomes both a virtue and a duty. In countries in which the legislative force rests in the hands of the executive power, or where the people have more than the extensive affairs, the individual whom a law hinders in his movements may have an excuse for revolting against it and of decilining to obey it, but in a country like ours, where the State is you and I, where the legislative power rests in our own hands, the cry against the corruption of official corruption springs from the corruption of the people. As is the master so will be the servant.

Obeying the law means that we take that official corruption springs from the corruption of the people. As is the master so will be the servant.

Obeying the law means that we take that convey part in the administration of the Commencer which in his estimation are for the greatest good. We may, and ought to an appeal made to our prejudices. We must be ware of the latter. Upon this soul there could be conveyed to the vielding to an appeal made to our prejudices. We must be ware of the latter. Upon this soul there could be conveyed as a will be the vielding to an appeal made to our prejudices. We must be ware of the latter. Upon this soul there could be conveyed by a proportional parties, known by corrain names from the vielding to an appeal made to our prejudices. We must be ware of the latter. Upon this soul there ought to be outlers and the stretch is bardly perceptible.

From a practical standpoint it may be advisable to have two or three or more political parties, known by corrain names or political parties, known by corrain names of political parties

ought to awaken in us a feeling of gratitude for the rights which we enjoy here, and stimulate us to fulfil in recognition thereof strictly and promptly all the duties which we owe to it as citizens.

IN A SAIL LOFT.

Tom Herbert Spends an Afternoon-Tales of the Times When Ships Were Decked in \$4000 Suits.

"Sailmaking is not as profitable a busi-ness now as it has been in years gone by, but we suppose that as long as vessels wear canvas the owners will have need of us. Such in substance was the answer given by different sallmakers to a GLOBE reporter, who asked them how their business was.

"There was a time," said a boss sailmaker, "that those 'chaps' (pointing out the window at a large ocean boat were not so plenty. Then we did a business, for you see there was the East Indiamen, the European and American packets, also vessels that went around the Horn, and all of them carried no less than two and sometimes three suits of sails. A good fit-out in those times would cost \$4000, and on the return of the vessel the sailmaker would surely be needed. Then wages were high and profits large. Now our business is confined mostly to making sails for small yachts and coasters."

"How do you measure a craft for her sails?"

"I send a man aloft with a tape line and such in substance was the answer given

we are just going to put this sail on the stretch."

A half dozen men arose from their benches, and while one hitched the corner of the sail to a stout rost, another hooked on a tackle, then all hands pulled taut. The boss came from the office with a card, on which were the measurements of gaff, boom and hoist or luff. The tape was fastened to one end, and at the word six men laid back and brought the sail out to the required length. The same performance was repeated on other parts.

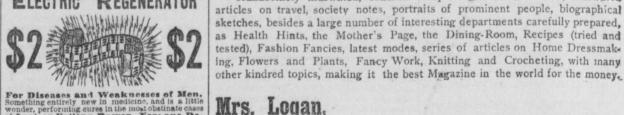
'How ahout shrinkage?' Don't you allow for that."

A BABY IN THE DESK.

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dies, and "such a pieasure" alike to hear Patti aud spend a tiresome evening at the house of some acquaintance. She has, too, an index expurgatorius which she is very careful to respect, There are no more "stores" for her-they have become "shops;" "servants" also have ceased to exist as such; they are "men servants" and "maids." although she permits herself to designate as laundress, housemaid or butler; "gentlemen" she avoids; "a man I know," she says, referring to a male coulaintance; or, "there were lots of delightful men out last night." she confides to some sister belie who missed the opera; "all right" she never says, making "very well" do much better service, nor does she add "party" to dinner, speaking of such an entertainment; her home no longer has a "parior," pure and simple, but a "blue room." a "red room," a "Japanese room," or possibly an "East parlor."

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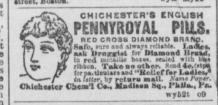
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